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SHAKESPEARE

SELECT PLAYS

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

5 acts

EDITED BY

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AND

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INTRODUCTION.

THE voluminous works and immense fame of Shakespeare are in striking contrast with the scanty records of his life. Rowe was the first who attempted a biography of the poet, prefixed to his edition of 1709. Malone, with unwearied industry, gathered all that bore upon this subject from the records of the Corporation of Stratford, from the library at Dulwich, &c., together with all the notices of or allusions to Shakespeare in the works of his contemporaries. Since Malone's time many persons have employed themselves in re-sifting the evidence, and some have succeeded in discovering new facts. Unfortunately most of the documents lately brought to light are with good reason believed to be spurious.

We propose here to state in chronological order the main facts of the poet's life, referring those who desire fuller information to the detailed biographies written by Malone, Knight, Collier, Dyce, and Grant White. William Shakespeare was christened in the parish church of Stratford-on-Avon on the 26th of April, 1564. His father was John Shakespeare of Stratford, originally, as some suppose, a glover by trade. He had married in 1557 Mary Arden, one of the seven daughters and coheiresses of a yeoman in the neighbourhood, who brought him a small landed property. William doubtless acquired his 'small Latin and less Greek' at the Grammar School of Stratford. From his fondness for legal phraseology and his accuracy in using it, some have supposed that he was placed in an attorney's office after leaving *school.* *Another* account says that he was appren-

ticed to a butcher. From some unknown cause his father's circumstances became embarrassed between 1574 and 1578, and continued so for years afterwards, so that the poet was familiarized in his youth with the humiliations of poverty—an experience which widened his knowledge of life, and doubtless worked for good upon a nature not easily soured. 'Sweet are the uses of adversity.' At the close of the year 1582, before he was nineteen, he married Anne Hathaway, who was his senior by seven or eight years. This hasty and ill-assorted marriage could scarcely be a happy one, and Shakespeare must have thought of his own case when he wrote (Twelfth Night, ii. 4. 30)—

> 'Let still the woman take
> An elder than herself: so wears she to him,
> So sways she level in her husband's heart.'

Three children were born to him, Susanna in 1583, and Hamnet and Judith, twins, in 1585. Soon after this he seems to have left Stratford (where his wife and children remained) for London, where he joined the players at the Blackfriars theatre. The story of his having left Stratford in consequence of being detected in a poaching adventure in Sir Thomas Lucy's park at Charlecote, rests upon no certain evidence, and is incapable of being either verified or refuted. His love of the drama may have been first excited by witnessing the performances of some of the London companies who acted at Stratford from time to time while making a provincial tour, and he may have been led to join the Blackfriars company by the fact that the Burbages and Thomas Greene, who were among its members, were also natives of Warwickshire, if not of Stratford itself. Tradition said that he was first employed to hold the horses of the 'gallants' who frequented the theatre, but the tale may have been invented to sharpen the contrast between his high achievements and his humble beginnings. Of his powers as an actor we have no certain information. Rowe says: 'The top of his *performance* was the Ghost in his own Hamlet.' His name

stands first in the list of 'principal comedians' prefixed to Ben Jonson's 'Every Man in his Humour' (1598), and fifth among the 'principal tragedians' who played in the same author's 'Sejanus' (1603). He is also said to have personated Adam in As You Like It. He probably first developed his skill as a dramatist in furbishing old plays, and even, as it appears, those of authors still alive. It is certain that Greene in his 'Groatsworth of Wit,' a pamphlet published 1592, alludes to Shakespeare in the following words: 'There is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his "tiger's heart wrapp'd in a player's hide," supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country.' Greene here parodies a line, 3 Henry VI. i. 4. 137, borrowed by Shakespeare from 'The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York.' It was doubtless his fame as a dramatist which recommended him to the notice of the young Earl of Southampton, to whom in 1593 he dedicated Venus and Adonis, 'the first heir of his invention,' as he calls it, and in the following year Lucrece. In 1595 the Blackfriars Company opened their new theatre, the Globe, in Southwark, where they acted during the summer season, returning to Blackfriars for the winter. Probably by this time Shakespeare was already one of the proprietors of the theatre. In 1597 he had saved money enough to buy New Place, one of the best houses in Stratford. He doubtless paid frequent visits to his native place, where his family continued to reside, and where he made subsequent investments.

His only son, Hamnet, died in August 1596, in his twelfth year, and John Shakespeare, his father, in 1601. In 1607 his eldest daughter, Susanna, married John Hall a physician resident at Stratford, and in the following year a daughter was born to them—the only grandchild of the poet, in whom, as she died childless, his line became extinct. In September of the same year his mother died. In February 1616 his younger daughter, Judith, married Thomas

Quiney, a vintner of Stratford, and on the 23rd of April following the poet died, at the age of 52.

He had probably withdrawn, not only from the stage, but from all connection with the theatre, several years before, and lived uninterruptedly at New Place—to use Rowe's words—'in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends.' His contemporaries have commemorated his 'gentleness,' his 'uprightness of dealing,' his 'honesty,' his 'open and free nature.' His works show that he had a constant sense of human responsibility and an aweful reverence for the mysteries which encompass our life. We might apply to him what Don Pedro says of Benedick (Much Ado About Nothing, ii. 3. 204), 'The man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make.'

In person he was 'handsome and well-shaped;' his hair and beard were auburn, and the expression of his face grave yet kindly.

There is no ground for the assertion that Shakespeare was not duly appreciated during his life, and neglected afterwards. On the contrary we have ample evidence that his popularity was immediate and continuous. He was perhaps the only literary man of his time who made a large fortune, and there is no poet whose works, separately and collectively, have been so often reprinted.

Of the thirty-seven plays now included in editions of Shakespeare, the following were published separately in small quarto while the author was still alive:—Richard II. 1597; Richard III. 1597; Romeo and Juliet, 1597; Love's Labour's Lost, 1598; Henry IV. part i. 1599; Henry IV. part ii. 1600; Much Ado About Nothing, 1600; Midsummer Night's Dream, 1600; The Merchant of Venice, 1600; Henry V. 1600; Titus Andronicus, 1600; The Merry Wives of Windsor, 1602; Hamlet, 1603; King Lear, 1608; Troilus and Cressida, 1609; Pericles, 1611.

Of these, Henry V, The Merry Wives of Windsor, Pericles, *and the first* editions of Romeo and Juliet and Hamlet were

surreptitious and unauthorized, being printed in all probability from copies made from shorthand notes taken during the representation.

Othello was also published separately after the author's death, but before the appearance of the first folio, 1622.

The first folio was published in 1623, with a Preface by Heminge and Condell, two of Shakespeare's fellow-actors and partners in the theatre. It contained thirty-six plays, and professed to be printed from the author's MSS. It is however demonstrable that in nearly every case where a previous quarto existed the text was printed from it, and it is almost certain that where there was no previous edition the text of the folio was taken, not immediately from the author's MS., but from a more or less faulty transcript.

The second folio, reprinted from the first, was published in 1632; the third folio in 1664, and the fourth in 1685. The two last included seven other plays, of which Pericles alone has been retained in modern editions.

The Passionate Pilgrim was published in 1599.

Shakespeare's Sonnets, together with A Lover's Complaint, were printed in 1609, doubtless without the sanction of the author. Some pieces now included among the poems were printed in 'England's Helicon' and 'England's Parnassus,' collections from divers authors, in 1600; and one, The Phœnix and Turtle, first appeared in Chester's 'Love's Martyr' in the year following.

The first attempt really to 'edit' Shakespeare's Plays was made by Rowe, 1709, who published a second and much improved edition in 1714. Pope's first edition appeared in 1725, his second in 1728. Theobald, who surpassed both his predecessors in learning, diligence and critical ingenuity, published his first edition in 1733. Subsequent editors were Hanmer, 1744, Warburton, 1747, Johnson, 1765. Afterwards Steevens was associated with Johnson. Capell, who first made a complete collation of the quartos and folios, published his text in 1768. In 1790 appeared an edition by Malone, the most learned and laborious of all Shakespeare's commentators.

His edition was the basis of the so-called 'Variorum' editions which were issued in 1803, 1813, and 1821.

During the last and present century there have been probably not less than three hundred reprints of Shakespeare's works published in England, America, and Germany.

The questions as to the sources from which Shakespeare derived his plot of The Merchant of Venice, and the origin of the two stories which are combined in it, are entirely distinct, and may be treated separately. With regard to the former, there is good reason to suppose that he was indebted to an older play on the same subject. Stephen Gosson, writing in 1579, in 'The Schoole of Abuse' (fol. 22*b*), enumerates among the few plays which were 'tollerable at sometime,' and 'without rebuke,' 'The Iew and Ptolome, showne at the Bull, the one representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers, and bloody mindes of Usurers: The other very liuely describing howe seditious estates, with their owne deuises, false friendes, with their owne swoords, & rebellious commons in their owne snares are ouerthrowne: neither w^t^ amorous gesture wounding the eye: nor with slouenly talke hurting the eares of y^e^ chast hearers.' It is clear that the plot of a play, which represented 'the greedinesse of worldly chusers, and bloody mindes of Usurers,' must have been essentially the same as that of The Merchant of Venice, and that here we have combined, if not for the first time, the two stories of the caskets and the pound of flesh, which had previously a separate existence in many forms. Although, so far as Shakespeare is concerned, the enquiry may be unimportant, it will be interesting to trace as far as possible what has been the fate of these two stories, which of itself forms an interesting chapter in the history of fiction.

The device of the caskets for showing 'the greedinesse of worldly chusers' occurs for the first time, so far as we are aware, in the mediæval romance of 'Barlaam and Josaphat,' written in Greek by Joannes Damascenus about A. D. 800, of which a Latin version was current, according

to Warton, before the thirteenth century. In this Latin dress the story appears in Joannis Damasceni *Opera*, pp. 824, 825, ed. Basil. 1575. The Greek text is published in the *Jahrbücher der Litt.* Bd. xxvi. p. 42. Vincent de Beauvais inserted the history of Barlaam and Josaphat in his Speculum Historiale, and it is again found in the Golden Legend of Jacobus de Voragine. (See foll. 352, 353 of the English translation printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1527.) The form in which the story of the caskets (*arcellæ*) is introduced is briefly as follows. A certain rich and glorious king, attended by the officers of his court, is riding with regal pomp in a gilt chariot, when he is met by two men of mean appearance in squalid and threadbare garments. The king descends from his chariot and salutes them. His courtiers are disgusted, and remonstrate with him through the medium of the king's brother. They are then taught a lesson of the folly of judging by external appearances, in the following manner. We give the rest of the story in the words of Warton's translation from the Greek (Hist. of English Poetry, vol. i. p. ccxxiii. ed. 1824). 'The king commanded four chests to be made: two of which were covered with gold, and secured by golden locks, but filled with the rotten bones of human carcasses. The other two were overlaid with pitch, and bound with rough cords; but replenished with pretious stones and the most exquisite gems, and with ointments of the richest odour. He called his nobles together; and placing these chests before them, asked which they thought the most valuable. They pronounced those with the golden coverings to be the most pretious, supposing they were made to contain the crowns and girdles of the king. The two chests covered with pitch they viewed with contempt. Then said the king, I presumed what would be your determination, for ye look with the eyes of sense. But to discern baseness or value, which are hid within, we must look with the eyes of the mind. He then ordered the golden chests to be opened, which exhaled an intolerable stench, and filled the beholders with horror.' Warton adds, 'In the Metrical Lives

of the Saints, written about the year 1300, these chests are called *four fates*, that is, four *vats*, or vessels.' We cannot, however, agree with him, that the story as it stands in the fifth book of Gower's Confessio Amantis is copied from the above, which is told by the hermit Barlaam to king Avenamore; for not only are the details different, there being two caskets instead of four, and both of the same external appearance, but the moral lesson sought to be conveyed is entirely dissimilar. Gower professes to have read his story 'in a cronique.' It is told of a king whose officers complained that their promotion was not in proportion to their service. To prove to them that it was all of fortune, the king adopted the device of making two coffers so exactly alike that no one could tell one from the other. The one was filled with fine gold and precious stones, the other with straw and rubbish. The courtiers were asked to choose, and of course their choice fell upon the latter. The contents of the other were then displayed, and the moral follows.

'Lo, saith the king, now may ye se,
That there is no defaute in me,
Forthy myself I woll acquit
And bereth ye your owne wit
Of that fortune hath you refused.'

Confessio Amantis, ii. 207, ed. Pauli.

The source of this tale is obviously the same as that which is told by Boccaccio in his Decameron, the first of those recited on the tenth day, of which Dunlop (Hist. of Fiction, ii. 338, 339, ed. 2) gives the following abridgment:—'A noble Italian, called Ruggieri, entered into the service of Alphonso, king of Spain. He soon perceives that his majesty is extremely liberal to others, but thinking his own merits not sufficiently rewarded, he asks leave to return to his own country. This the king grants, after presenting him with a fine mule for his journey. Alphonso directs one of his attendants to join him on the road, to note if he make any complaint of the treatment he had received, and, if he should,

to command his return. The mule having stopped in a river, and refusing to go on, Ruggieri said she was like the person who gave her. Ruggieri being in consequence brought back to the capital, and his words reported to the king, he is introduced into the presence of his majesty, and asked why he had compared him to the mule; "Because," replied Ruggieri, "the mule would not stop where it ought, but stood still when it should have gone on; in like manner you give where it is not suitable, and withhold where you ought to bestow." On hearing this, the king carries him into a hall, and shows him two shut coffers, one filled with earth, another containing the crown and sceptre, with a variety of precious stones. Alphonso desires him to take which he pleases; and Ruggieri having accidentally fixed on the one with earth, the king affirms that it is bad fortune that has all along prevented him from being a partaker of the royal benefits. Then having presented him with the valuable chest, he allows him to return to Italy.'

The whole motive of this story is so different from that related by Barlaam, that it is difficult to see how Warton could have supposed them to have had the same origin. The next form in which it appears is given in the Gesta Romanorum, and in this we have a much closer approximation to that which Shakespeare followed in The Merchant of Venice. We quote from the old English version edited by Sir F. Madden for the Roxburghe Club. Ancelmus, emperor of Rome, having been long childless, has at length a son born to him. His great enemy, the king of Naples, to terminate their strife, proposes a marriage between his daughter and the emperor's son. The emperor consents, and in due time the princess is sent on board ship to be conveyed to Rome. A storm arises, and all perish except the lady, and she is only saved for a time, for a huge whale swallows both the ship and her. By dint of lighting a fire and wounding the whale with a knife, she kills the monster, which drew to the land and died. The lady is rescued, and tells the story of her misfortunes and her destination to her deliverers, who convey her to

the emperor. To prove that she was worthy of his son, 'The Emperour late make iij. vesselles, and the first was of clene goolde, and fulle of precious stonys owtewarde, and withinne fulle of deede bonys; and it hade a superscripcione in theise wordis, *Thei that chese me shulle fynde in me that thei seruyde.* The secunde vesselle was alle of cleene siluer, and fulle of precious stonys; and outwarde it had this superscripsione, *Thei that chesithe me, shulle fynde in me that nature and kynde desirithe.* And the thirde vesselle was of leed, and with inne was fulle of precious stonys; and with oute was sette this scripture, *Thei that chese me, shulle fynde* [*in*] *me that God hathe disposid*' (p. 241). In the end of course the lady chooses the vessel of lead and all terminates happily. The coincidences between this story and the casket scenes in Shakespeare are so striking that it is impossible to resist the conclusion that this is the form which he followed, from whatever source he may have immediately derived it. In his note to the above-quoted passage Sir F. Madden observes, 'The collateral and similar tale, in which pasties or loaves are substituted for caskets, is found first in the Latin printed edd. of the *Gesta*, cap. 109, then in the chronicle of Lanercost, MS. Cott. Claud. D. vii. fol. 176 (compiled about the year 1346), in the *Cento Novelle Ant.* Nov. 65. ed. 1572, and in Gower *Conf. Am.* f. 96*b*.' The story of the pasties in Gower immediately follows the one of which we have previously given the substance. In the Chronicle of Lanercost the device is attributed to the emperor Frederic (A.D. 1215) who employed it for testing two blind beggars (Chronicon de Lanercost, ed. Stevenson, p. 21; Maitland Club).

The incident of the pound of flesh appears to have been even a greater favourite with the old story-tellers than that of the caskets. It has an Eastern air about it and is found in an Eastern dress. Malone gives a translation of it from 'a Persian manuscript in the possession of Ensign Thomas Munro, of the first battalion of Sepoys, now at Tanjore,' in which it is told of a Jew and a Mussulman of Hems in Syria. In that most amusing book, The Autobiography

of Lutfullah (chap. v. ed. Eastwick), an Egyptian version occurs, substantially the same as the preceding, and narrated with true oriental elaboration. The scene is laid at Cairo, and the judge is the famous Kází Ratalbúk, who flourished, says Lutfullah, 'as civilization began to dawn, in the third century of our blessed Prophet, about the time of Edward II. the martyr king of England.' In Gladwin's Persian Moonshee, story 13, it is again told, but without the same dramatic interest as in the version of Lutfullah. 'A person laid a wager with another, that if he did not win, the other might cut off a *seer* of flesh from his body. Having lost the wager, the plaintiff wanted to cut off a *seer* of his flesh; but, he not consenting, they went together before the Cazy. The Cazy recommended to the plaintiff to forgive him; but he would not agree to it. The Cazy, being enraged at his refusal, said, "Cut it off; but if you shall exceed or fall short of the *seer*, in the smallest degree, I will inflict on you a punishment suitable to the offence." The plaintiff, seeing the impossibility of what was required of him, had no remedy, and therefore dropped the prosecution.' Whether the incident may not have travelled from England to India, and thence have been adopted by the Persian story-tellers, is at least open to question. In its western form it can be traced with greater certainty. It is found in the great storehouse for such tales, the Gesta Romanorum (p. 130, ed. Madden), where the incidents of the bond, the forfeiture, the pound of flesh, and the artifice by which the penalty is evaded are all related. A Latin version of the same story is given in Mr. Thomas Wright's Selection of Latin Stories, edited for the Percy Society (pp. 114–121). It is there called, 'De milite conventionem faciente cum mercatore.' The English version is apparently first given by Mr. Douce in his Illustrations of Shakespeare, from MS. 7333 in the Harleian collection. But, although it presents so close a resemblance to the story of the bond as told by Shakespeare, it is clear that this version of the Gesta was not the source from which it came to him, directly or indirectly. In a collection of tales called

Il Pecorone, written by Ser Giovanni, a notary of Florence, about the year 1378, we find, as in the Gesta, all the circumstances connected with the bond and its forfeiture, with the addition of others which show that it must have been consulted by Shakespeare or the author of the older play. The story forms the first novel of the fourth day, and the scene is laid at Venice. The residence of the lady who plays an important part in the narrative is called Belmont; it is she and not the judge, as in the Gesta, who devises the plan for avoiding the forfeiture; and finally we have here and nowhere else the incident of the ring, of which Shakespeare so skilfully avails himself for sustaining the interest of the fifth act. In discussing the origin of the story of the bond, Dunlop remarks that it was transferred 'into many publications intermediate between the Pecorone and the Merchant of Venice, by which it may have been suggested to the English dramatist. There was, in the first place, an old English play on this subject, entitled the Jew. It was also related in the English Gesta Romanorum, and the ballad of Gernutus, or the Jew of Venice. The incidents, however, in Shakespeare bear a much closer resemblance to the tale of Ser Giovanni, than either to the ballad or to the Gesta Romanorum. In the ballad there is nothing said of the residence at Belmont, nor the incident of the ring, as it is a judge, and not the lady, who gives the decision. In the Gesta the lady is daughter of the emperor of Rome, and the pound of flesh is demanded from the borrower, without the introduction of a person bound for the principal debtor' (History of Fiction, ii. 375, ed. 2).

Shylock's speech in the court may possibly have been suggested to Shakespeare by the 95th declamation in the 'Orator' of Alexander Silvayn, which was translated from the French by Anthony Munday in 1596. The title is, 'Of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian.' It is printed at full length in the Variorum editions of Shakespeare, on the authority of Dr. Farmer, who was the first to call attention to it. The ballad of Gernutus the Jew

of Venice, mentioned above by Dunlop, may in like manner have supplied the incident of the whetting of the knife. We print it from the original in the Pepysian Library, Magdalen College, Cambridge. It is contained in Pepys's Collection of Ballads, vol. i. pp. 144, 145, and we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Roberts, Pepysian Librarian, for permission to collate it.

A new Song, shewing the crueltie of Gernutus a Iew, who lending to a Marchant a hundred Crownes, would haue a pound of his Flesh, because he could not pay him at the day appoynted. To the tune of, Blacke and Yellow.

The First Part.

In Venice towne not long agoe,
a cruell Iew did dwell,
Which liued all on Usurie,
as Italian writers[1] tell.

Gernutus called was the Iew,
which neuer thought to die:
Nor neuer yet did any good,
to them in streetes that lie.

His life was like a Barrow-hog,
that liueth many a day:
Yet neuer once doth any good,
untill men will him slay.

Or like a filthy heape of Dung,
that lyeth in a whoard,
Which neuer can doe any good,
till it be spread abroad.[2]

So fares it with the Usurer,
he cannot sleepe in rest:
For feare the theefe will him pursue,
to plucke him from his nest.

[1] 'Writes' in the Pepysian copy.
[2] 'Aboad' in the Pepysian copy.

His heart doth thinke on many a wile,
how to deceiue the poore:
His mouth is almost ful of mucke,
yet still he gapes for more.

His Wife must lend a Shilling,
for euery weeke a Penny;
Yet bring a pledge that's double worth,
if that you will haue any.

And see (likewise) you keepe your day,
or else you loose it all:
This was the liuing of the Wife;
her Cow she did it call.

Within that Citie dwelt that time,
a Marchant of great fame,
Which being distressed, in his need
unto Gernutus came,

Desiring him to stand his friend,
for twelue month and a day,
To lend to him an hundred Crownes,
and he for it would pay

Whatsoeuer he would demand of him,
and Pledges he should haue.
No (quoth the Iew with flearing lookes)
Sir aske what you will haue.

No penny for the lone of it,
for one yeare you shall pay:
You may doe me as good a turne,
before my dying day:

But we will haue a merry iest,
for to be talked long:
You shall make me a Band (quoth he)
that shall be large and strong.

And this shall be the forfeyture,
of your owne Flesh a pound:
If you agree, make you the Band,
and here is a hundred Crownes.

With right good-will the Marchant sayd,
and so the Band was made.
When twelue month and a day drew on,
that backe it should be payd,

The Marchants Ships were all at Seas,
and Mony came not in:
Which way to take, or what to doe,
to thinke he doth begin.

And to Gernutus straight he comes,
with cap and bended knee:
And sayd to him, of curtesie[3]
I pray you beare with mee.

My day is come, and I haue not
the Mony for to pay:
And little good the forfeyture
. will doe you, I dare say.

With all my heart, Gernutus sayd,
commaund it to your minde,
In thinges of bigger waight then this,
you shall me ready finde.

He goes his way, the day once past,
Gernutus doth not slacke,
To get a Sergiant presently,
and clapt him on the backe:

And layed him into Prison strong,
and sued his Band withall.
And when the iudgement day was come,
for iudgement he did call.

The Marchants friendes came thither fast,
with many a weeping eye:
For other meanes they could not find,
but he that day must die.

[3] In the Pepysian copy 'curtesie' has a full stop after it.

The Second part of the Iewes crueltie, setting foorth the mercifulnesse of the Iudge towardes the Marchant. To the tune of Blacke and yellow.

Some offered for his hundred Crownes,
five hundred for to pay:
And some a thousand, two, or three;
yet still he did denay.

And at the last, Ten thousand Crownes
they offered him to saue:
Gernutus sayd, I will no Gold,
my forfeite I will haue.

A pound of fleshe is my desire,[4]
and that shall be my hire.
Then sayd the Judge, yet good my friend,
let me of you desire,

To take the flesh from such a place,
as yet you let him liue:
Do so, and loe an hundred Crownes,
to thee here will I giue.

No, no (quoth he) no iudgement here,
for this it shalbe tride:
For I will have my pound of flesh
from vnder his right side.

It grieued all the companie,
his crueltie to see:
For neither friend nor foe could helpe,
but he must spoyled bee.

The bloudy Iew now ready is,
with whetted blade in hand,
To spoyle the bloud of Innocent,
by forfeit of his Band.

And as he was about to strike
in him the deadly blow:
Stay (quoth the Judge) thy crueltie,
I charge thee to do so.

[4] *So in the Pepysian copy.* Percy reads 'demand.'

Sith needes thou wilt thy forfeit haue,
which is of flesh a pound:
See that thou shed no drop of blood,
nor yet the man confound.

For if thou doe, like murderer,
thou here shalt hanged bee:
Likewise of flesh see that thou cut,
no more then longes to thee.

For if thou take either more or lesse,
to the value of a Mite,
Thou shalt be hanged presently,
as is both law and right.

Gernutus now waxt franticke mad,
and wotes not what to say:
Quoth he at last, ten thousand Crownes
I will that he shall pay:

And so I graunt to set him free.
The Judge doth answere make,
You shall not haue a penny giuen,
your Forfeyture now take.

At the last he doth demaund,
but for to haue his owne.
No quoth the Judge, doe as you list,
thy Judgement shalbe showne.

Either take your pound of flesh, quoth he,
or cancell me your Band:
O cruell Judge, then quoth the Iew,
that doth against me stand.

And so with griping grieued minde,
he biddeth them farewell:
All the people praysed the Lord,
that euer this heard tell.

Good people that doe heare this song,
for trueth I dare well say,
That many a wretch as ill as he,
doth liue now at this day.

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle
of many a wealthy man:
And for to trap the Innocent,
deuiseth what they can.

From whom, the Lord deliver me,
and every Christian too:
And send to them like sentence eke,
that meaneth so to doe.

Finis.

Imprinted at London for T. P.

We will conclude with a reference to a different version of the same story, told by Gregorio Leti in his Life of Pope Sixtus V. and resting on very slight authority. In this, a Jew, Samson Ceneda, is the victim, and Paul Secchi, a Roman merchant, the inexorable creditor. The Pope is the judge, and the evasion of the bond is the same as in the play. Both merchant and Jew were condemned to death, the one for premeditated murder, the other for selling his life; but in the issue the sentence was commuted to that of the galleys, with the option of buying off that too by paying each two thousand crowns to the hospital lately founded by the Pope.

In the composition of The Merchant of Venice Shakespeare, as we have said, in all probability worked upon the basis of the previously existing play, and, as in other cases, followed its plot with few alterations. Like other great masters of fiction, such as Goethe and Walter Scott, his genius showed itself more in the development of character than in the construction of a story, and besides, as we see in the case of children, the audience would prefer having no change made in the conduct of a tale with which they were already familiar.

As to the time at which it was first produced, we have the testimony of Meres, who mentions it in his Palladis Tamia (fol. 282 *a*, 1598). In the same year it was entered at

Stationers' Hall by J. Roberts, but not actually printed till 1600. In the diary of Henslowe, actor and manager, mention is made, under the date 25 August, 1594, of 'The Venesyon comodey,' which may be Shakespeare's Merchant. But considering that the dramatists of that time were fond of laying their scenes in Italy, this identification is very uncertain. There are however in the play itself indications which would lead us to suppose that its first composition was earlier than 1598, such as the many classical allusions, the frequent rhymes and occasional doggrel verses. The 'fooling' of Launcelot, too, has a strong resemblance to that of his almost namesake in The Two Gentlemen of Verona. On the other hand the loftiness of thought and expression, the grace and freedom of the versification in general, point to a later time, and would lead us rather to class this play with Twelfth Night, As You Like It, and Much Ado About Nothing, than with the earlier plays, Love's Labour's Lost and The Two Gentlemen of Verona. On the whole we incline to think that the play was in great part rewritten between the time of its first production in 1594 and its publication in 1600. The slight discrepancies pointed out in the notes may be due to this cause, particularly that in Act 1, Scene 2, where only four strangers are mentioned as about to take their leave, after six have been described in detail. Two may have been added in the revision.

The Merchant of Venice, if we except perhaps The Tempest, has always been the most popular of Shakespeare's comedies both with readers and audiences, and a continuous popularity of nearly three centuries may be accepted as a final judgment. The causes of this preference are not far to seek. It stands in the first rank for the almost tragic interest of its main plot, for the variety and strongly marked discrimination of its characters, for the sweetness, beauty and grace which pervade it throughout. In power it is inferior to Measure for Measure, but it is free from the grossness which sullies that otherwise noble drama. At least all that is offensive to modern taste in The Merchant of Venice may easily be removed by a few

unimportant omissions, while in Measure for Measure the grossness is interwoven with the very texture of the plot.

In one respect Shakespeare would have done well if he had departed from his original. The story of the caskets, suited to the atmosphere of mediæval romance, is singularly incongruous with the rest of the play. Ulrici, indeed, is of opinion that the author has shown consummate art in introducing one improbability, that of the caskets, to balance, and, as it were, excuse, the other improbability, that of the pound of flesh. But an audience of that day, accustomed as they were to attribute all manner of atrocities to the mysterious people whom they feared as well as hated, would see no improbability in Shylock's conduct; and if they did, it is hard to see how one improbability could be made less offensive by the introduction of another totally different in kind. But we must remember that the inconsistency is more apparent to the reader than to the spectator. Inconsistencies vanish when 'oculis subjecta fidelibus;' and the Prince of Morocco and the Prince of Arragon become as real personages as Antonio or Bassanio, when they appear in flesh and blood on the stage. Shakespeare doubtless knew what would please or displease his audience, and followed his authorities when he saw no reason to change.

Two quarto editions were printed in the year 1600, one by Roberts, one by Heyes. We have called that of Roberts the first quarto, that of Heyes the second quarto, for reasons given in the Preface to the second volume of the Cambridge Shakespeare. They were printed from different transcripts of the author's manuscript.

The text of this play, as it is given in the first folio, 1623, was printed with some alterations from a copy of the second quarto, which appears to have been kept as the acting copy in the library of the theatre.

In our Notes to this play we have referred to the Globe edition of Shakespeare.

W. G. C.
W. A. W.

POSTSCRIPT.—Add to note on ii. 5. 43, the expression 'It is worth a Jew's eye' is proverbial, and probably dates from the time when large ransoms were extorted by torture from the wealthy Jews in the middle ages by their oppressors.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE DUKE OF VENICE.
The PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } suitors to
The PRINCE OF ARRAGON, } Portia.
ANTONIO, a merchant of Venice.
BASSANIO, his kinsman, suitor likewise to Portia.
SALANIO, }
SALARINO, } friends to Antonio and
GRATIANO, } Bassanio.
SALERIO, }
LORENZO, in love with Jessica.
SHYLOCK, a rich Jew.
TUBAL, a Jew, his friend.
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, the clown, servant to Shylock.

OLD GOBBO, father to Launcelot.
LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio.
BALTHASAR, } servants to Portia.
STEPHANO, }

PORTIA, a rich heiress.
NERISSA, her waiting-maid.
JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants to Portia, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Antonio. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salarino. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly *by them* with their woven wings.

Salanio. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Salarino. My wind cooling my broth
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Antonio. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salarino. Why, then you are in love.

Antonio. Fie, fie!

Salar. Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap and say you are merry,

Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper,
And other of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

Salanio. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Antonio. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salarino. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Salarino. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.*

Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you: but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bassanio. I will not fail you.

Gratiano. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

Antonio. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gratiano. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let *my liver rather* heat with wine

Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks—
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say 'I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!'
O my Antonio, I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing, when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile:
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lorenzo. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gratiano. Well, keep me company but two years moe,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Antonio. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i' faith, for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried. [*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*

Antonio. Is that any thing now?

Bassanio. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, *they are not* worth the search.

Antonio. Well, tell me now what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

Bassanio. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time something too prodigal
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love,
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburden all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Antonio. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bassanio. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both
Or bring your latter hazard back again
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Antonio. You know me well, and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And out *of doubt* you do me now more wrong

In making question of my uttermost
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore speak.

Bassanio. In Belmont is a lady richly left;
And she is fair and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia, nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate!

Antonio. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is, and I no question make
To have it of my trust or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Belmont. A room in Portia's house.*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Portia. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Nerissa. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are:

and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Portia. Good sentences and well pronounced.

Nerissa. They would be better, if well followed.

Portia. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word 'choose!' I may neither choose whom I would nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one nor refuse none?

Nerissa. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations: therefore the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver and lead, whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you, will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Portia. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Nerissa. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Portia. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself.

Nerissa. Then there is the County Palatine.

Portia. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say 'If *you will not* have me, choose:' he hears merry tales

and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two! 46

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Portia. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine; he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Nerissa. What say you then to Falconbridge, the young baron of England? 58

Portia. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture, but, alas, who can converse with a dumbshow? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany and his behaviour every where.

Nerissa. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour? 68

Portia. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety and sealed under for another.

Nerissa. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Portia. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst

fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Nerissa. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Portia. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket, for if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I'll be married to a sponge.

Nerissa. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is indeed to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition depending on the caskets.

Portia. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Nerissa. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Portia. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, he was so called.

Nerissa. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Portia. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Serving-man.

How now! what news?

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the prince his master will be here to-night.

Portia. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.
Whiles we shut the gates upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Venice. A public place.*

Enter BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK.

Shylock. Three thousand ducats; well.

Bassanio. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shylock. For three months; well.

Bassanio. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shylock. Antonio shall become bound; well.

Bassanio. May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

Shylock. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bassanio. Your answer to that.

Shylock. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shylock. Oh, no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates, and then there is the peril of *waters, winds* and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding,

sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond.

Bassanio. Be assured you may.

Shylock. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bassanio. If it please you to dine with us.

Shylock. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bassanio. This is Signior Antonio.

Shylock. [*Aside*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian,
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bassanio. Shylock, do you hear?

Shylock. I am debating of my present store,
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire? [*To Ant.*] Rest you fair, good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Antonio. *Shylock*, although I neither lend nor borrow

By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd
How much ye would?

Shylock. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Antonio. And for three months.

Shylock. I had forgot; three months; you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see; but hear you;
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Antonio. I do never use it.

Shylock. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep—
This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,
The third possessor; ay, he was the third—

Antonio. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shylock. No, not take interest, not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did
When Laban and himself were compromised
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Antonio. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shylock. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.

Antonio. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Shylock. Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve; then, let me see; the rate—

Antonio. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

Shylock. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say
'Shylock, we would have moneys:' you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say
'Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' Or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this;
'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys?'

Antonio. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shylock. Why, look you, how you storm!
I *would be friends* with you and have your love,

Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Bassanio. This were kindness.

Shylock. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Antonio. Content, i' faith: I'll seal to such a bond
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bassanio. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Antonio. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shylock. O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Antonio. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shylock. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight,

See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you.

Antonio. Hie thee, gentle Jew. [*Exit Shylock.*
The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.

Bassanio. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

Antonio. Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.* 169

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Belmont. A room in Portia's house.*

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO *and his train;* PORTIA, NERISSA, *and others attending.*

Morocco. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have loved it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Portia. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But if my father had not scanted me,
And hedged me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.

Morocco. Even for that I thank you:

Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Portia. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all
Or swear, before you choose, if you choose wrong
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advised.

Morocco. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.

Portia. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Morocco. Good fortune then!
To make me blest or cursed'st among men.

[*Cornets, and exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Venice. A street.*

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Launcelot. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me, saying to me 'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or 'good Gobbo,' or 'good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.' My conscience says 'No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, *honest Gobbo,*' or, as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot Gobbo;

do not run; scorn running with thy heels.' Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: 'Via!' says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend; 'for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me 'My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,' or rather an honest woman's son; for indeed my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste; well, my conscience says 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience. 'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well;' 'Fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well:' to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your command; I will run.

Enter Old GOBBO, *with a basket.*

Gobbo. Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's? 29

Launcelot. [*Aside*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel-blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

Gobbo. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Launcelot. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gobbo. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no? 42

Launcelot. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? [*Aside*]

Mark me now; now will I raise the waters.—Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gobbo. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man and, God be thanked, well to live.

Launcelot. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gobbo. Your worship's friend and Launcelot, sir.

Launcelot. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gobbo. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Launcelot. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased, or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gobbo. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Launcelot. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

Gobbo. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

Launcelot. Do you not know me, father?

Gobbo. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Launcelot. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but at the length truth will out.

Gobbo. Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Launcelot. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gobbo. I cannot think you are my son.

Launcelot. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gobbo. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

Launcelot. It should seem then that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

Gobbo. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Launcelot. Well, well: but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who indeed gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO *and other followers.*

Bassanio. You may do so; but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a Servant.*

Launcelot. To him, father.

Gobbo. God bless your worship!

Bassanio. Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

Gobbo. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Launcelot. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man, that *would, sir,* as my father shall specify—

Gobbo. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Launcelot. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

Gobbo. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins— 119

Launcelot. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gobbo. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is—

Launcelot. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bassanio. One speak for both. What would you?

Launcelot. Serve you, sir. 130

Gobbo. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bassanio. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Launcelot. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough. 139

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.
Take leave of thy old master and inquire
My lodging out. Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

Launcelot. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line *of life: here's* a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is

nothing! eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man; and then to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple 'scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt Launcelot and Old Gobbo.*

Bassanio. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:
These things being bought and orderly bestow'd
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

Leonardo. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gratiano. Where is your master?

Leonardo. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*

Gratiano. Signior Bassanio!

Bassanio. Gratiano!

Gratiano. I have a suit to you.

Bassanio. You have obtain'd it.

Gratiano. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behaviour
I be misconstrued in the place I go to
And lose my hopes.

Gratiano. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect and swear but now and then,
Wear *prayer-books* in my pocket, look demurely,

Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh and say 'amen,'
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bassanio. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gauge me
By what we do to-night.

Bassanio. No, that were pity:
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well:
I have some business.

Gratiano. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest:
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A room in Shylock's house.*

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

Jessica. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly;
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

Launcelot. Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew, adieu: these foolish drops do something drown my manly spirit: adieu.

Jessica. Farewell, good Launcelot. [*Exit Launcelot.*
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,

If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A street.*

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Lorenzo. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging and return,
All in an hour.

Gratiano. We have not made good preparation.

Salarino. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Salanio. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
And better in my mind not undertook.

Lorenzo. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours
To furnish us.

Enter LAUNCELOT, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Launcelot. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

Lorenzo. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand,
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gratiano. Love-news, in faith.

Launcelot. By your leave, sir.

Lorenzo. Whither goest thou?

Launcelot. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lorenzo. Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her; speak it privately. [*Exit Launcelot.*
Go, gentlemen,
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salarino. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Salanio. And so will I.

Lorenzo. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salarino. 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.*

Gratiano. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lorenzo. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house,
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with,
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. Before Shylock's house.*

Enter SHYLOCK *and* LAUNCELOT.

Shylock. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandise,
As thou hast done with me:—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out:—
Why, Jessica, I say!

Launcelot. Why, Jessica!

Shylock. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Launcelot. Your worship was wont to tell me that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jessica. Call you? what is your will?

Shylock. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon

The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house. I am right loath to go:
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Launcelot. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shylock. So do I his.

Launcelot. An they have conspired together, I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year, in the afternoon.

Shy. What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces,
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

Launcelot. I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit.*

Shylock. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were 'Farewell mistress;' nothing else.

Shylock. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder;
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with me:
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps *I will* return immediately:

Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jessica. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The same.*

Enter GRATIANO *and* SALARINO, *masqued.*

Gratiano. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.

Salarino. His hour is almost past.

Gratiano. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salarino. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gratiano. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Salarino. Here comes Lorenzo: more of this hereafter.

Enter LORENZO.

Lorenzo. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then. Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA, *above, in boy's clothes.*

Jessica. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lorenzo. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jessica. Lorenzo, certain, and my love indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

Jessica. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But love is blind and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lorenzo. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jessica. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscured.

Lorenzo. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jessica. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[*Exit above.*

Gratiano. Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew.

Lorenzo. Beshrew me but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath proved herself,
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, *below.*

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit with Jessica and Salarino.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Antonio. Who's there?

Gratiano. Signior Antonio!

Antonio. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night: the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gratiano. I am glad on't: I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Belmont. A room in Portia's house.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter PORTIA, *with the* PRINCE OF MOROCCO, *and their trains.*

Portia. Go draw aside the curtains and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.
Now make your choice.

Morocco. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;'
The second, silver, which this promise carries,
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;'
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Portia. The one of them contains my picture, prince:
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Morocco. Some god direct my judgement! Let me see;
I will survey the inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket?
'*Who chooseth* me must give and hazard all he hath.'

Must give! for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue?
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady:
And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying graved in gold;
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint:
The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immured,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O *sinful thought!* Never so rich a gem

Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Portia. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*

Morocco. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion Death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.

[*Reads*] All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgement old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.
[*Exit with his train. Flourish of Cornets.*

Portia. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Venice. A street.*

Enter SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

Salarino. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

Salanio. The villain Jew with outcries raised the duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salarino. He came too late, the ship was under sail:

But there the duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certified the duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salanio. I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl;
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.'

Salarino. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salanio. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Salarino. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Salanio. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salarino. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd, 'Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:

Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:'
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

Salanio. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

Salarino. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Belmont. A room in Portia's house.*

Enter NERISSA *with a* Servitor.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight:
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA, *and their trains.*

Portia. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized:
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Arragon. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage:
Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Portia. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Arragon. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold; silver; and base lead.
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
What many men desire! that 'many' may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:'
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees and offices
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[*He opens the silver casket.*

Portia. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Arragon. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.

How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
'Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.'
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Portia. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices
And of opposed natures.

Arragon. What is here?

[*Reads*] The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgement is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone: you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt Arragon and train.*

Portia. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Nerissa. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Portia. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Where is my lady?

Portia. Here: what would my lord?

Servant. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets,
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Portia. No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

Nerissa. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

Enter SALANIO *and* SALARINO.

Salanio. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salarino. Why, yet it lives there unchecked that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Salanio. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,——O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salarino. Come, the full stop.

Salanio. Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he *hath lost a ship.*

Salarino. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Salanio. Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants? 20

Shylock. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salarino. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salanio. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shylock. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salarino. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and Rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no? 33

Shylock. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

Salarino. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what 's that good for? 41

Shylock. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick

us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house and desires to speak with you both.

Salarino. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Salanio. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt Salanio, Salarino, and Servant.*

Shylock. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tubal. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shylock. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now; two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so: and I know not what's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears but of my shedding.

Tubal. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shylock. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tubal. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shylock. I thank God, I thank God. Is't true, is't true?

Tubal. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shylock. I thank thee, good Tubal: good news, good news! ha, ha! where? in Genoa?

Tubal. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats.

Shylock. Thou stickest a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tubal. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shylock. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tubal. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shylock. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tubal. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shylock. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Belmont. A room in Portia's house.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and* Attendants.

Portia. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile.

There 's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,—
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but I am then forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours. O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights!
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time,
To eke it and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bassanio. Let me choose;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Portia. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bassanio. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Portia. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak anything.

Bassanio. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Portia. Well then, confess and live.

Bassanio. 'Confess' and 'love'
Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy *torment*, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Portia. Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? Then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live: with much much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that makest the fray.

Music, whilst BASSANIO *comments on the caskets to himself.*

SONG.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bas. So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;
And here choose I: joy be the consequence!

Portia. [*Aside*] How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,

And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!
O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess.
I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,
For fear I surfeit.

Bassanio. What find I here?

[*Opening the leaden casket.*

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

[*Reads*] You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,

Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no,
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Portia. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account.
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of—something, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants and this same myself
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bassanio. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a *beloved prince*, there doth appear

Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

Nerissa. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy: good joy, my lord and lady!

Gratiano. My lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bassanio. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gratiano. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved, for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.

Portia. Is this true, Nerissa?

Nerissa. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

Bassanio. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gratiano. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bas. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gratiano. But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALERIO, *a messenger from Venice.*

Bassanio. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Portia. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.

Lorenzo. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did intreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Salerio. I did, my lord;
And I have reason for it. Signor Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter.*

Bassanio. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Salerio. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

Gratiano. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio: what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Saler. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That *this same paper* brings you.

Bassanio. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady.
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for indeed
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Salerio. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice and his bond.

Jessica. When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh

Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Portia. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bassanio. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies, and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Portia. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bassanio. For me three thousand ducats.

Portia. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bassanio. [*Reads*] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Portia. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!

Bassanio. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Venice. A street.*

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, *and* Gaoler.

Shylock. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:
Gaoler, look to him.

Antonio. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shylock. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Antonio. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shylock. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond. [*Exit.*

Salarino. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

Antonio. Let him alone:
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Salarino. I am sure the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Antonio. The duke cannot deny the course of law:
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of his state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore go:
These griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Belmont. A room in Portia's house.*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHASAR.

Lorenzo. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Portia. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish misery!
This comes *too* near the praising of myself;

Therefore no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off;
And there will we abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lorenzo. Madam, with all my heart:
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Portia. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
And so farewell, till we shall meet again.

Lorenzo. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jessica. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Portia. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.
[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.*
Now, Balthasar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

Balthasar. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.
[*Exit.*

Portia. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Nerissa. Shall they see us?

Portia. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal; then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. A garden.*

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

Launcelot. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise ye, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer, for truly I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of *base hope* neither.

Jessica. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Launcelot. Marry, you may partly hope that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jessica. That were a kind of base hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Launcelot. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jessica. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Launcelot. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jessica. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Lorenzo. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot.

Jessica. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth, for in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lorenzo. I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Launcelot. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lorenzo. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Launcelot. That is done too, sir; only 'cover' is the word.

Lorenzo. Will you cover then, sir?

Launcelot. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lorenzo. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou

show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Launcelot. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit.*

Lorenzo. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jessica. Past all expressing. It is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lorenzo. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

Jessica. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lorenzo. I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.

Jessica. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.

Lorenzo. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

Jessica. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Venice. A court of justice.*

Enter the DUKE, *the* Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALERIO, *and others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Antonio. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Antonio. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into court.

Salerio. He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;

Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shylock. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
Some, when they hear the bagpipe: for affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bassanio. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shylock. I am not bound to please thee with my answers.

Bassanio. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shylock. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bassanio. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Antonio. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?—
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgement and the Jew his will.

Bassanio. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shylock. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shylock. What judgement shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer
'The slaves are ours:' so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.

If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgement: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salerio. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

Bassanio. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Antonio. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, *dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Nerissa. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.
[*Presenting a letter.*

Bassanio. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shylock. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gratiano. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou makest thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shylock. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gratiano. O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused.
Thou almost makest me waver in my faith
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves

Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolvish, bloody, starved and ravenous.

Shylock. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?

Nerissa. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Clerk. [*Reads*] Your grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter PORTIA, *dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?

Portia. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Portia. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Portia. Is your name Shylock?

Shylock. Shylock is my name.

Portia. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?

Antonio. Ay, so he says.

Portia. Do you confess the bond?

Antonio. I do.

Portia. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shylock. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Portia. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much

To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shylock. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Portia. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bassanio. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Portia. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shylock. A Daniel come to judgement! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

Portia. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shylock. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Portia. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shylock. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Portia. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shylock. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition

Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgement: by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Antonio. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgement.

Portia. Why then, thus it is
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shylock. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Portia. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shylock. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Portia. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shylock. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond: doth it not, noble judge?
'Nearest his heart:' those are the very words.

Portia. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?

Shylock. I have them ready.

Portia. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shylock. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Portia. It is not so express'd: but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shylock. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Portia. You, merchant, have you any thing to say?

Antonio. But little: I am arm'd and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow

An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it presently with all my heart.

Bassanio. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Portia. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gratiano. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Nerissa. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shylock. [*Aside*] These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian!
[*Aloud*] We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Portia. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shylock. Most rightful judge!

Portia. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!

Portia. Tarry a little; there is something else.

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh:'
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!

Shylock. Is that the law?

Portia. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!

Shylock. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice
And let the Christian go.

Bassanio. Here is the money.

Portia. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gratiano. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Portia. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou cut'st more
Or less than a just pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gratiano. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.

Portia. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shylock. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bassanio. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Portia. He hath refused it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice and his bond.

Gratiano. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shylock. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Portia. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shylock. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Portia. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly and directly too
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down therefore and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Portia. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.

Shylock. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house when you do take the prop

That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Portia. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gratiano. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

Antonio. So please my lord the duke and all the court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more, that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Portia. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shylock. I am content.

Portia. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shylock. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gratiano. In christening shalt thou have two godfathers
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit Shylock.*

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Portia. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt* Duke *and his train.*

Bassanio. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Antonio. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Portia. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bassanio. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Portia. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
[*To Antonio*] Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
[*To Bassanio*] And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bassanio. This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle!
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Portia. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.

Bassanio. There's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Portia. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bassanio. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.

Portia. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserved the ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*

Antonio. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bassanio. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house: away! make haste. [*Exit Gratiano.*
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A street.*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Portia. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed
And let him sign it: we'll away to-night
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gratiano. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My Lord Bassanio upon more advice
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

Portia. That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully:
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, *show* my youth old Shylock's house.

Gratiano. That will I do.

Nerissa. Sir, I would speak with you.
[*Aside to Portia*] I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Portia. [*Aside to Nerissa*] Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
[*Aloud*] Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.

Nerissa. Come, good sir, will you shew me to this house? [*Exeunt.* 19

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Belmont. Avenue to Portia's house.*

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jessica. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself
And ran dismay'd away.

Lorenzo. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand 10
Upon the wild sea banks and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jessica. In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lorenzo. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew

And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jessica. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.

Lorenzo. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jessica. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lorenzo. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Stephano. A friend.

Lorenzo. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Stephano. Stephano is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lorenzo. Who comes with her?

Stephano. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lorenzo. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Launcelot. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lorenzo. Who calls?

Launcelot. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo? Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!

Lorenzo. Leave hollaing, man: here.

Launcelot. Sola! where? where?

Lorenzo. Here.

Launcelot. Tell him there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter: why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air. [*Exit Stephano.*
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jessica. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lorenzo. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze

By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Portia. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Portia. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by, and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Nerissa. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Portia. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Nerissa. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Portia. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended, and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion
And would not be awaked. [*Music ceases.*

Lorenzo. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

Portia. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lorenzo. Dear lady, welcome home.

Portia. We have been praying for our husbands' healths,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lorenzo. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Portia. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you. [*A tucket sounds.*

Lorenzo. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Portia. This night methinks is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their followers.*

Bassanio. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Portia. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all! You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Portia. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Antonio. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Portia. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gratiano. [*To Nerissa*] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were dead that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Portia. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

Gratiano. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.'

Nerissa. What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

Gratiano. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Nerissa. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gratiano. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Portia. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. [*Aside*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gratiano. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it and indeed
Deserved it too: and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

Portia. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

Bassanio. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.

Portia. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will never be your wife
Until I see the ring.

Nerissa. No, nor I yours
Till I again see mine.

Bassanio. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring
And would conceive for what I gave the ring
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Portia. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.

Bassanio. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,

No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him
And suffer'd him to go displeased away;
Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Portia. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have.

Nerissa. Nor I his clerk; therefore be well advised
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gratiano. Well, do you so: let not me take him then;
For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Antonio. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Portia. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bassanio. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself—

Portia. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one: swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bassanio. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never *more will* break an oath with thee.

Antonio. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Portia. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Antonio. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bassanio. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

Portia. You are all amazed:
Here is a letter: read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you
And even but now return'd: I have not yet
Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Antonio. I am dumb.

Bassanio. Were you the doctor and I knew you not?

Gratiano. Were you the clerk and yet I knew you not?

Antonio. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Portia. How now, Lorenzo!
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Nerissa. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lorenzo. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Portia. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gratiano. Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

ACT I.

Scene I.

1. The key-note of the play is struck in these opening lines. The sadness of Antonio, which has no apparent cause, is really a presentiment of disaster. 'Coming events cast their shadows before.' In the same way unusual exaltation of spirits is popularly supposed to forbode misfortune or death. Thus in Romeo and Juliet, v. 1. 3, Romeo says: 'My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne.' When a person is in this state of mind he is said in Scotland to be 'fie.' Sir W. Scott has availed himself of this superstition in Guy Mannering (ch. ix).

4. *stuff.* Compare Tempest, iv. 1. 156:

'We are such stuff
As dreams are made on.'

9. *argosies.* *Argosy* denotes a large vessel, generally a merchant-ship, more rarely a ship of war. The word has been supposed to be a corruption of *Ragosie*, 'a ship of Ragusa,' but more probably it is derived through Low Lat. *argis* from the classical *Argo*. The word occurs again, v. 1. 262.

10. *burghers on the flood.* So Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 127:

'Marking the embarked traders on the flood.'

Capell conjectured, and Steevens read, *burghers of the flood*, quoting As You Like It, ii. 1. 23:

'Being native burghers of this desert city.'

For 'flood,' see note on iv. 1. 71.

11. *pageants.* The word *pageant* was first used for a lofty scaffold or stage for public shows, afterwards for the show itself. Florio (It. Dict. 1611) gives '*Pegma*, a frame or pageant, to rise, mooue, or goe it selfe with vices.' Shakespeare probably had in his mind the gay barges used in the pageants on the Thames, when he calls the ships 'the pageants of the sea.' The derivation is unknown. The very late Lat. *pagina*, as used in this sense, is probably derived from 'pageant,' not *vice versâ*. 'In calling argosies *the pageants of the sea*, Shakespeare alludes to those enormous machines, in the shapes of castles, dragons, ships, giants, &c., that were drawn about the streets in the ancient shows or pageants, and which often constituted the most important part of them.' (Douce.)

15. *venture*, what is risked in a merchant's enterprise. The word occurs several times in the same sense in this play.

17. *still*, constantly. See l. 136.

19. *for piers*. The first quarto reads *and Pieres*.

Ib. roads, anchorages: '*Rade*: f. A road, an open harbor for shipping.' (Cotgrave, Fr. Dict.) See v. 1. 278:

'My ships
Are safely come to road.'

'Yarmouth Roads' is the name given to the open sea off Yarmouth, where ships ride at anchor.

25. *hour-glass*. In Shakespeare's time an hour-glass was commonly found in churches, fixed near the pulpit. Mr. Halliwell gives a woodcut of one which is still preserved in St. Alban's, Wood Street.

27. Perhaps, as Mr. Knight suggests, the name *Andrew* was given to ships in compliment to the famous Andrea Doria, the Genoese admiral, who died 1560.

Ib. dock'd. Rowe's emendation for *docks*, the reading of the earliest editions.

28. *Vailing*, lowering. See Pericles, i. 3. 42:

'None that beheld him but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy.'

Also Heywood's Fair Maid of the West, Part I. act. iv. p. 57 (Shakesp. Soc. ed.):

'It did me good
To see the Spanish carvel vail her top
Unto my maiden flag.'

'Vail' is used absolutely in Marlowe's Jew of Malta, ii. 2. 11:

'Because we vail'd not to the Spanish fleet.'

33, 34. These lines were evidently in Sir W. Scott's mind when he made Isaac the Jew say: 'When in the Gulf of Lyons I flung over my merchandise to lighten the ship . . . robed the seething billows in my choice silks—perfumed their briny foam with myrrh and aloes.' (Ivanhoe, ch. x.)

35. *worth this*. The meaning is here obscure and the construction abrupt, if 'this' refers to the spices and silks just mentioned. Perhaps, as Mr. Lettsom conjectured, a line has been lost after *silks*. As the text stands, the actor may be supposed to complete the sense by a gesture, extending his arms.

42. *bottom*, a merchant vessel, or transport ship. See Twelfth Night, v. 1. 60:

'With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet.'

46. *Fie, fie!* The line wants a foot. Hanmer reads 'Fie, fie, away!' and Mr. Dyce suggests 'In love! fie, fie!'

54. *other*, altered by Pope to 'others.' *Other* is frequently used as plural.

Ib. aspect. This word is always accented on the second syllable in Shakespeare.

56. *Nestor*. The oldest, and therefore presumably the gravest, of heroes. See Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 169:

'And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys.'

61. prevented, anticipated. See Ps. cxix. 148: 'Mine eyes prevent the *night-watches*.'

67. *strange.* The word is used in the same sense, Comedy of Errors, ii. 2. 151:

'In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk.'

In modern English we should say, 'You are becoming quite strangers.'

74. 'To have respect upon' is a rare phrase, but the word *respect* is frequently used with other prepositions, generally *of*, in the same sense as here, viz. 'regard,' 'consideration.'

78. *every man.* The first quarto reads *every one.*

79. *And mine*, i. e. 'And my part is.'

Ib. play the fool, i. e. play the part of Fool, a character of constant occurrence in the old comedies.

80. So in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 465:

'Some Dick,
That smiles his cheek in years.'

82. It was an old belief that sighs and groans drained the blood from the heart. Hence Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 97:

'Pale of cheer
With sighs of love that costs the fresh blood dear.'

So 2 Henry VI. iii. 2. 60–63:

'Might liquid tears or heart-offending groans
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs.'

84. Compare Othello, v. 2. 5: 'Smooth as monumental alabaster.' Alabaster, spelt in the older editions 'alablaster,' was frequently used for tombs in the Elizabethan and Jacobean times. One magnificent specimen is in the north aisle of Stratford church, and may have suggested this simile to the poet.

85. See Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 2:

'What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?'

89. See Lear, iii. 4. 139:

'The green mantle of the standing pool.'

And Tempest, iv. 1. 182:

'The filthy-mantled pool.'

And for 'mantle' as an active verb in a different but yet analogous sense, see Tempest, v. 1. 67:

'Their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.'

90. *And do*, i. e. And *who* do. Not unfrequently in Shakespeare the pronoun requires to be mentally repeated in order to complete the construction. See 1 Henry IV. ii. 4. 279: 'We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth.' A somewhat similar inaccuracy occurs also in the present scene, ll. 97, 98.

Ib. wilful stillness, obstinate silence. See Richard III. iii. 7. 28:

'And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence.'

And Henry V. iii. 1. 4:

'In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility.'

90. *entertain*, maintain, or keep. The word is used in a sense somewhat similar in 1 Henry VI. v. 4. 175:

'For here we entertain a solemn peace.'

91, 92. *opinion Of wisdom*, i. e. reputation for wisdom. *Opinion* is used in the same sense below, l. 102. So 1 Henry IV. iv. 1. 77:

'It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise.'

92. *conceit*. The word is used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries for 'thought,' 'conception,' 'imagination,' sometimes 'a thought,' 'an idea;' but never in the modern sense.

93. *As who should say*. 'Who' is here used indefinitely, and the phrase is equivalent to 'As if one should say.' So in French, 'comme qui dirait.' Compare Richard II. v. 4. 8:

'He wistly look'd on me;
As who should say, "I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart."'

We find the same use in older writers, as e. g. Gower's Confessio Amantis, i. p. 285, ed. Pauli:

'She hath hem in such wise daunted
That they were, as who saith, enchaunted.'

The phrase recurs in this play, i. 2. 40.

97–99. To mend the halting grammar by supplying a nominative to *would*, Rowe read *who* instead of *when*. An equally easy emendation has been suggested, *'t would* for *would;* but as Shakespeare's grammar is frequently lax, the text probably stands as he wrote it. The clause 'If they should speak,' equivalent to 'their speaking,' serves for subject to the following verb. There is a reference to Matt. v. 22, 'Whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council; but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire;' and the meaning is, 'Their brother men, who heard them speak, would call them fools, and so imperil their own salvation.'

108. *moe*, the old form, changed by Rowe to *more*. Both forms are used by Shakespeare.

110. *gear*, i. e. 'matter,' 'subject,' or 'affair in hand.' See ii. 2. 153: 'Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.' In other places it means 'dress,' as Love's Labour 's Lost, v. 2. 303:

'Disguised like Muscovites in shapeless gear.'

113. *Is that any thing now?* Rowe's emendation. The older editions read 'It is that any thing now.' Johnson proposed 'Is that any thing *new?*'

123. *disabled*, i. e. 'damaged,' 'embarrassed;' 'depreciated' in the literal sense. It is also used for 'depreciate' in the metaphorical sense, 'disparage,' as in this play, ii. 7. 30:

'And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.'

124. *something*, i. e. 'somewhat.' Pope, inverting the words, read 'shewing something.'

Ib. swelling port, i. e. ostentatious bearing. Compare Holinshed, ii. *p. 1102, col. 2*: 'King Richarde beeing destitute of treasure to furnishe

suche a Princely porte as he mainteined, borrowed greate summes of money of many of the greate Lordes and Peeres of hys realme.'

125. *continuance.* The complete construction would be 'continuance *of*.' Such omissions are frequent in Shakespeare. Compare iv. 1. 385.

126. *make moan to be abridged*, complain that I am curtailed. See iii. 3. 23, and Ecclesiasticus xxxviii. 19.

130. *gaged*, i. e. pledged. So 1 Henry IV. i. 3. 173:

'That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf.'

136. *still*, not 'as yet,' but 'constantly.' So Tempest, i. 2. 229:

'The still-vex'd Bermoothes.'

137. *Within the eye of honour*, i. e. within the scope of honour's vision, within the limits of that which can be regarded as honourable. In Winter's Tale, iii. 2. 52, we have 'beyond The bound of honour.'

139. *occasions.* To be pronounced as a quadrisyllable. *ion* at the end of a word, and particularly at the close of a line, is commonly a dissyllable in Shakespeare.

141. *his fellow*, &c., i. e. an arrow calculated for the same range, identical in length, weight, and feathering. 'Flight' was a technical term. See Much Ado About Nothing, i. 1. 40: 'He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight,' i. e. challenged Cupid who should shoot farthest. According to Leland (Itin. ed. 3, vol. iv. p. 44) a *flight shot* was about equal to the width of the Thames above London-bridge. Ascham uses the word 'flight' precisely in the sense which it has in this passage of Shakespeare: 'You must have divers shafts of one flight, feathered with divers wings, for divers winds.' (Toxophilus, Book ii. p. 126, ed. Giles.)

142. *advised*, i. e. deliberate, careful. So Bacon, in his 56th Essay, says, judges ought to be 'more advised than confident.' See also Henry V. i. 2. 179:

'While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home.'

We still use 'unadvised' in the opposite sense.

143. *find the other forth*, i. e. find the other out. See Com. of Err. i. 2. 38:

'I to the world am like a drop of water
That in the ocean seeks another drop,
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself.'

Ib. The line, as it stands, has a superfluous foot. Mr. Lloyd proposes 'him' for 'the other,' and Mr. Dyce 'venturing' for 'by adventuring.'

144. *childhood proof*, childish test or experiment. 'Childhood' is used as an adjective in Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 202:

'All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence.'

146. *wilful.* 'Witless' and 'wasteful' have been suggested, but no change is required. 'Wilful' here means 'obstinate in extravagance.'

148. *that self way*, i. e. that same or self-same way. See Twelfth Night i. 1. 39, 'one self king;' and Richard II. i. 2. 23:

'That metal, that self mould, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man.'

'Self' in this sense is frequent in Chaucer, and was used as late as Dryden's time.

150, 151. *or . . Or*, i. e. either . . Or. Compare Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 135:

'To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath.'

154. *circumstance;* here equivalent to 'circumlocution.' See Hamlet, i. 5. 127:

'And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part.'

And Greene's Tu Quoque (Dodsley's Old Plays, vii. 93, ed. 1825):

'You put us to a needless labour, sir,
To run and wind about for circumstance.'

Elsewhere it means 'elaborate detail,' as in Othello, iii. 3. 354:

'Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war.'

156. In doubting my readiness to do my utmost in your service.

160. *prest*, i. e. ready. This is the only passage of Shakespeare in which the word occurs in this sense, unless we include Pericles, Act iv. Prologue, line 45:

'The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow.'

It is very frequent in Spenser, as e. g. The Faerie Queene, v. 8. 9:

'Finding there ready prest
Sir Artegall.'

The word is derived from the French 'prest,' the old form of 'prêt,' and that from 'præstus' a late Latin adjective from the classical 'præsto.'

163. *Sometimes* and *sometime* are often used by Shakespeare indifferently, with the signification 'formerly,' 'in time past.' When the former occurred in this sense, the earlier editors usually altered it to 'sometime.' See Richard II. i. 2. 54:

'Thy sometimes brother's wife.'

So also in the Authorized Version, Ephesians ii. 13: 'Ye who sometimes were far off.' We learn from the close of the second scene that Bassanio had visited Belmont previously.

165, 166. *undervalued To*, inferior in value to. See ii. 7. 53:

'Being ten times undervalued to tried gold.'

166. Brutus' Portia was introduced by the poet in Julius Cæsar. She is described by Plutarch (according to North's translation, published 1575, and used by Shakespeare) as being famous for 'chastity and greatness of mind,' and besides 'well seen in philosophy.' (pp. 798, 996, ed. 1631.)

171. *strand*, written 'strond' in the old editions, and doubtless once so pronounced.

172. Another allusion to the expedition of the Argonauts is found in this play, iii. 2. 243:

'We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.'

175. *I have a mind* [which] *presages*. The omission of the relative is very common in Shakespeare. See Richard II. ii. 1. 173:

'In war was never lion raged more fierce.'

And the passage from The Taming of the Shrew, quoted below in note on l. 178.

Ib. thrift, thriving, success. So Hamlet, iii. 2. 67:

'Where thrift may follow fawning.'

178. *Neither*. Pope unnecessarily substituted *Nor*, for the sake of the metre. 'Neither,' 'either,' 'whether' were frequently pronounced as monosyllables. Antonio's speech is scarcely consistent with what he had previously said. See ll. 41-45.

Ib. commodity, i. e. merchandise (which might be pledged as security for a loan). So Twelfth Night, iii. 1. 50: 'Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard.' And Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1. 330:

'"Twas a commodity lay fretting by you.'

The word means 'gain,' 'advantage' in other places. See for example King John, ii. 1. 597:

'Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee.'

It is in this sense that Faulconbridge rails against 'commodity' throughout his speech.

183. *presently*, i. e. instantly. So Winter's Tale, v. 3. 86:

'Quit presently the chapel.'

And Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 1. 30:

'When you fasted, it was presently after dinner.'

The word is used in the same sense in the Authorized Version of the Bible. See 1 Samuel ii. 16, and Matthew xxvi. 53.

184, 185. I do not doubt that I shall have the money lent to me, either on my credit as a merchant or from personal friendship.

Scene II.

Belmont. The places where the respective scenes occur are not marked in the quartos or folios. They have been supplied by more recent editors.

6, 7. *no mean happiness*. The folios read 'no small happiness,' thus losing the play upon the word 'mean.'

8. *comes sooner by*, sooner acquires. So i. 1. 3:

'How I found it, caught it, or came by it.'

9. *sentences*, maxims. So in Twelfth Night, iii. 1. 13:

'A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit.'

19. *This reasoning*, &c. This conversation is not such as will help me in choosing a husband. For this sense of 'reasoning,' see ii. 8. 27:

'I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday.'

For 'This reasoning' the folios have 'This reason,' a manifest error.

21. *whom . . . whom*. So the folios. The quartos read 'who . . . who,' as Shakespeare very probably wrote, for he frequently uses 'who' in the objective case.

22. Shakespeare, *more suo*, plays upon the two senses of 'will.'

23, 24. We should say in modern English, 'Is it not hard that I can neither choose one nor refuse any?' For 'nor' after 'not,' see Macbeth, ii. 3. 70:

'Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee,'

and for the double negative, King John, v. 7. 112:

'This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.'

28–30. *will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who shall rightly love.* The second quarto and the folios read 'but one who *you* shall rightly love.' In this point we have followed the first quarto as the higher authority, though in the first clause it reads erroneously 'no doubt you wil never be chosen &c.'

34. *level*, aim, guess. See Pericles, i. 1. 165:

'Hits the mark
His eye doth level at.'

And for 'level' as a substantive, Romeo and Juliet, iii. 3. 103:

'Shot from the deadly level of a gun.'

35 sqq. Malone says: 'Though our author, when he composed this play, could not have read the following passage in Florio's translation of Montaigne's Essaies, 1603, he had perhaps met with the relation in some other book of that time: "While I was a young lad (says old Montaigne) I saw the *prince* of Salmona, at Naples, manage a young, a rough, and fierce horse, and show all manner of horsemanship."'

36. *colt*, used sometimes metaphorically for 'a wild rough youth,' and here with a play upon its double meaning.

39. *County*, i. e. Count. See Twelfth Night, i. 5. 320:

'Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man.'

Johnson supposes that Shakespeare alludes to a certain Polish Palatine, Albert a Lasco, or Laski, who visited England in 1583, and was received with unusual distinction by Elizabeth. But this event took place when our author was still at Stratford, and so long before the production of this play, that the allusion would be unintelligible to the audience.

41. *If.* So the first quarto. The second quarto has *&*, the folios *and*, whence modern editors have *an* or *an if*.

42. *the weeping philosopher*, i. e. another Heraclitus.

44. *rather be*, quartos: *rather to be*, folios.

47. *How say you by*, &c. How say you with reference to, &c. So ii. 9. 26:

'That "many" may be meant
By the fool multitude.'

And 1 Corinthians iv. 4: 'I know nothing by myself,' equivalent to *οὐδὲν γὰρ ἐμαυτῷ σύνοιδα* of the original. So in the common 'sentence:' 'do as you would be done by.'

52. *throstle.* This is Pope's emendation. The word is spelt 'trassell' in the quartos and first folio, 'tarssell' in the second folio, 'tassell' in the third and fourth. See Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 1. 130:

'The throstle with his note so true,'

where it is spelt consistently 'throstle' in the quartos and folios.

59. Portia playfully uses the phrase 'say to' in a different sense from that which Nerissa meant.

62. You will bear me witness that I have but a very small stock of English.

63. *a proper man*, a handsome man. Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 2. 88: 'Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a *summer's day*.' And Hebrews xi. 23: 'Because they saw he was a proper *child*.'

64. *suited*, dressed. Lear, iv. 7. 6:

'Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours.'

The word is still used in this sense as a compound: 'sober-suited Freedom,' Tennyson.

65. *doublet . . . round hose.* Planché (History of British Costume, p. 266) quotes from Stubbs: 'The French hose are of "two divers making; the common sort contain length, breadth, and sideness sufficient, and they are made very *round*."' Another reference to the dimensions of these round hose is found in Macbeth, ii. 3. 14: 'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose.' Planché, p. 267, describes the quilted doublet, and adds: 'These bombasted doublets formed a point in front . . . to this day the dress of our friend Punch, whose wardrobe of Italian origin dates as nearly as possible from this identical period.'

Ib. bonnet, used for a man's head-dress. Richard II. i. 4. 31:

'Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench.'

67. *Scottish.* In the folio edition published in 1623, the word 'Scottish' is changed to 'other.' Probably the alteration had been made in the acting copy after James's accession, to avoid giving offence at court. Ben Jonson 'was dilated by Sir James Murray to the King, for writing something against the Scots, in a play Eastward Hoe, and voluntarily imprissonned himself with Chapman and Marston, who had written it amongst them. The report was, that they should then [have] had their ears cut and noses. After their delivery, he banqueted all his friends.' (Conversations with Drummond, p. 20. Shakespeare Society's ed.)

72. 'Alluding to the constant assistance, or rather constant promises of assistance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the English.' (Warburton.)

Ib. sealed under for another, i. e. for another box on the ear. The principal was said to 'seal to' a bond; his surety 'sealed under.' Compare i. 3. 153:

'I'll seal to such a bond.'

75. *vilely*, ill. 'Vilely' is frequently spelt 'vildly' in the old editions.

76. Deep drinking was a frequent charge made against the Germans, or, as they were called, 'Dutchmen,' at this time. But the accomplishment was not confined to them. See Othello, ii. 3. 80: 'Your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.'

82. *you should refuse to perform.* According to modern usage this should be 'you *would* refuse to perform.'

85. *the contrary casket*, the wrong casket. King John, iv. 2. 197:

'Standing on slippers which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet.'

92, 93. *by some other sort*, by some other method, or manner. Mr. R. G. White supposes 'sort' to mean here 'lot,' like the Latin 'sors' from which it is derived. It bears the latter sense in Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 376:

'Let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector.'

93. *your father's imposition*, the conditions imposed by your father. See iii. 4. 33:

'I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,'

i. e. not to refuse this condition.

95. *Sibylla*, used erroneously as if it were a proper name. So in Taming of the Shrew, i. 2. 70: 'As old as Sibyl.' But Shakespeare speaks of 'nine sibyls,' 1 Henry VI. i. 2. 56, and in Othello, iii. 4. 70:

'A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses.'

99. *I pray God grant.* So the quartos. The folios substitute *I wish*, a change made in obedience to an act of Parliament 3 James I. chap. 21.

An Act to restrain the abuses of Players.

'For the preventing and avoiding of the great abuse of the holy Name of God, in Stage-playes, Enterludes, May-games, Shews, and such like, Be it enacted by our Sovereign Lord the Kings Majesty, and by the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and the Commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, That if at any time or times after the end of this present Session of Parliament, any person or persons do or shall in any Stage-play, Enterlude, Sew [shew], May-game, or Pageant, jestingly or prophanely speak, or use the holy Name of God, or of Jesus Christ, or of the Holy Ghost, or of the Trinity, which are not to be spoken, but with fear and reverence, shall forfeit for every such offence by him or them committed, ten pounds: The one moiety thereof to the Kings Majesty, his Heirs and Successors, the other moiety thereof to him or them that will sue for the same in any Court of Record at Westminster, wherein no Essoin, Protection or Wager of Law shall be allowed.' (Statutes at Large, ed. 1695.)

109. The words *How now! What news?* are omitted in the folios, perhaps accidentally.

110. *The four strangers.* This is an oversight: six strangers have been enumerated. Perhaps in the first draught of the play there were but four.

111. *forerunner.* The word occurs in this sense in Timon of Athens, i. 2. 124.

116. *condition*, disposition, character. So Richard III. iv. 4. 157:

'Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.'

117, 118. I had rather he should be my confessor than my husband.

120. *Whiles* and *while* and *whilst* are used indifferently by Shakespeare.

Scene III.

Farmer conjectured that Shakespeare had derived the name 'Shylock' from a pamphlet called 'Caleb Shillocke his Prophecie, or the Jewes Prediction;' but it is uncertain whether this pamphlet was printed before or after the production of our play. In Pepys's Collection of Ballads *(vol. i. p. 38)* is one with the title 'Calebbe Shillocke, his Prophesie: or

the Iewes Prediction. To the tune of Bragandarie.' The second verse begins,

'And first, within this present yeere,
Beeing *sixteene hundreth seau'n*.'

Shylock doubtless was introduced with an orange-tawny bonnet, the mark of a Jew. See Bacon's Essays, 41. According to Vecellio, quoted by Mr. Knight in his 'Introductory Notice' to this play, the Jews of Venice were distinguished from the other citizens only by wearing a *yellow bonnet*, while Saint Didier, in his 'Histoire de Venise,' says they wore *scarlet hats lined with black taffeta*. Mr. Hunter (New Illustrations of Shakespeare, vol. i. p. 299) reconciles these discrepant statements by a reference to Coryat (Crudities, p. 231) who describes the dress of the Jews: 'those born in Italy wearing red hats, while the Eastern or Levantine Jews wore yellow turbans.' Again (p. 307) Mr. Hunter adds: 'We collect that Shylock was a Levantine Jew from the name: *Scialac*, which is doubtless the same name in a different orthography, being the name of a Maronite of Mount Libanus, who was living in 1614.' How the fact that *Scialac* was the name of a Maronite Christian lends any probability to the supposition that Shylock was an Eastern Jew, we confess we do not clearly see. The existence of the name in the title of the ballad above mentioned is sufficient to shew that it was known in Shakespeare's time; and as for Shylock's dress on the stage, it was probably that of the English Jews.

1. Cotgrave (ed. 1632) mentions many kinds of ducats, Venetian among them. He adds: 'all foraine coynes, of whose value (often changed by the French Kings) no certaine interpretation can be giuen, other then that they hold a rate much about v. or vjs. sterl. the peece.' Coryat, who visited Venice in 1608, tells us that the ducat was worth 4*s*. 8*d*. (Crudities, ed. 1611, pp. 228, 253.)

4. *the which*. 'The' is here redundant, as in iii. 4. 34, and such phrases as 'at the least,' 'at the length,' &c.

7. *May you stead me?* Can you assist me? See Romeo and Juliet, ii. 3. 54:

'My intercession likewise steads my foe.'

For 'may' in the sense of 'can' see Ps. cxxv. 1 (Pr. Bk.): 'As the mount Sion, which may not be removed,' where the Authorized Version has 'cannot.'

12. *a good man*. Shylock means 'a man of substance.' The word *good* is opposed to *poor* in Coriolanus, i. 1. 16: 'We are accounted poor citizens, the patricians good.'

16. *in supposition*, doubtful, because exposed to the perils of the sea.

18. *the Rialto*, 'as it were, Rivo Alto, a high shore. . . An eminent place in Venice where Marchants commonly meete, as on the Exchange at London.' (Florio, Ital. Dict. 1611.) The bridge called Ponte di Rialto was first built in 1591, but the existing bridge is a more recent structure.

19. *squandered*, scattered recklessly. See As You Like It, ii. 7. 57:

'The squandering glances of the fool.'

31. See Matthew viii. 32.

37. A 'fawning publican' seems an odd combination. The Publicani or *farmers of taxes* under the Roman government were much more likely

to treat the Jews with insolence than servility. Shakespeare perhaps only remembered that in the Gospels 'publicans and sinners' are mentioned together as objects of the hatred and contempt of the Pharisees.

38. *for*, because. Othello, iii. 3. 263:

'Haply, for I am black
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have, or for I am declined
Into the vale of years.'

41. *usance*, interest. Douce quotes from Thomas's Historye of Italye, 1561, fol. 76 *b*: 'It is almoste incredyble what gaine the Venetians receiue by the vsury of the Jewes, both pryuately and in common. For in euerye citee the Jewes kepe open shops of vsurie, taking gaiges of ordinarie for .xv. in the hundred by the yere: and if at the yeres ende, the gaige be not redemed, it is forfeite, or at the least dooen away to a great disaduantage: by reason wherof the Jewes are out of measure wealthie in those parties.'

42. To 'catch upon the hip' was a wrestler's phrase. See Othello, ii. 1. 314:

'I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip.'

And so in this play, iv. 1. 330:

'Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.'

47. *interest*. This word, like all words specially connected with the trade of money-lending, had an invidious sense. Shylock is careful himself to employ general terms.

55. *Rest you fair*. Compare As You Like It, v. 1. 65:

'God rest you merry.'

58. *excess*, that which, when the loan is repaid, is paid in excess of the sum lent, i. e. interest.

59. *ripe wants*, wants that require immediate satisfaction, as ripe fruit requires plucking.

60. *possess'd*, i. e. fully informed. So iv. 1. 35:

'I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose.'

And Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 149:

'Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.'

In this place the first quarto has 'resolv'd.'

67. *When Jacob*, &c. See Genesis xxx.

69. *As his wise mother*, &c. See Genesis xxvii.

70. *the third*, i. e. reckoning Abraham himself as first.

74. *were compromised*, had come to a mutual agreement.

75. *eanlings*, lambs just dropped, from Anglo-Saxon *eanian*, to bring forth, whence 'ean' or 'yean,' 'eanling' or 'yeanling.' Shakespeare uses 'ean,' 3 Henry VI. ii. 5. 36:

'Ere the poor fools will ean.'

Theobald altered it to 'yean.'

82. *inserted*, i. e. in Scripture.

83. Gold and silver representing together the single idea 'money' have the singular 'is.' Shylock says, 'I make *it* breed as fast.'

84. *This* notion is preserved in the Greek word for 'interest,' τόκος, 'that which money brings forth.' See line 122 of this scene: 'A breed for

barren metal.' Bacon (Essay 41) says that one of the objections to usury was 'That it is against nature, for money to beget money.' So Tennyson:

'Nor could he understand how money breeds,
Thought it a dead thing.' (The Brook.)

85–90. These lines are spoken aside to Bassanio while Shylock is, or affects to be, occupied in his calculations.

86. *The devil . . . . purpose.* The origin of the proverb is in Matthew iv. 4, 6.

93. *beholding*, frequently used by Shakespeare as equivalent to 'beholden.' Pope always altered 'beholding' to 'beholden.'

97. In writing these lines Shakespeare perhaps remembered Marlowe's Jew of Malta, act ii. sc. 2, vol. i. p. 269, ed. Dyce:

'I learn'd in Florence how to kiss my hand,
Heave up my shoulders when they call me dog.'

98. *tribe*, here used for the whole Jewish race.

100. Florio, 1611, gives the Italian '*Gavardina*, a gabardine or frocke.' It was a long smockfrock of coarse material. See Tempest, ii. 2. 40, where Trinculo creeps under Caliban's gaberdine.

106. *foot me*, i. e. kick me. See Cymbeline, iii. 5. 148: 'To the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again.'

118. *like*, likely.

122. *A breed for.* So the quartos. The folios read 'A breed *of*.'

124. *Who if he break . . . .* This use of the relative with no verb following was not uncommon in old authors. See for example Bacon's Advancement of Learning, Bk. ii. 10. 12, 'which though it be not true, yet I forbear to note any deficiencies.'

128. *doit*, the German *Deut*, originally a small coin, value half a farthing. Mr. Rawdon Brown (Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII, vol. i. p. xvii.) suggests the Venetian *daottin* as the original of *doit*. Tempest, ii. 2. 33: 'When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.'

132 sqq. See lines 48–52 of the ballad of Gernutus, printed in the Preface.

133. *your single bond*, a bond with your own signature alone attached to it, without the names of sureties.

136. *condition*, agreement. See 1 Henry VI. v. 4. 165:

'How sayst thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?'

137. *nominated for an equal pound*, specified as a pound of flesh, which shall be accepted as an equivalent for the debt. See 2 Henry VI. ii. 1. 204: 'Justice' equal scales.'

143. *dwell*, abide, continue.

149. *dealings teaches.* Shakespeare uses the singular verb inaccurately here, as if the nominative were 'whose own custom of hard dealing.' In the second folio 'dealings' was changed to 'dealing,' and Pope modernized the text thus:

'Whose own hard dealings teach them to suspect.'

151. See the old ballad of Gernutus, printed in the Preface. Mr. Staunton quotes Heywood, The Fayre Maide of the Exchange, act ii. sc. 2:

'If you do break your day, assure yourself
That I will take the forfeit of your bond.'

155. *muttons.* See As You Like It, iii. 2. 58: 'Is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man?'

Ib. beefs. In 1 Henry IV. iii. 3. 199, the Prince calls Falstaff 'O, my sweet beef!' Cotgrave explains *bœuf* to mean 'An Ox; a Beefe; also, beefe.' The plural occurs 2 Henry IV. iii. 2. 353:

'Now has he land and beefs.'

Modern editions change the word to 'beeves.'

156. *extend*, hold out, proffer. 'Extend' is used in the literal sense Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 72:

'I extend my hand to him thus.'

158. *for my love*, not 'in return for my love,' but 'for my love's sake.'

163. *the fearful guard*, the guardianship in which no confidence can be placed. Warburton, not understanding the passage, changed 'fearful' to 'fearless.'

ACT II.

Scene I.

The old stage direction is as follows: 'Enter Morochus, a tawny Moore all in white and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerrissa and their traine.'

1. *Mislike.* See Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 147:

'If he mislike my speech.'

9. *fear'd*, affrighted. See Measure for Measure, ii. 1. 2:

'We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey.'

12. Except I might steal your affections by disguising myself, as thieves do.

14. *nice*, fanciful, fastidious.

17. *scanted*, limited. See iii. 2. 112:

'In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess.'

18. *wit.* The word is used in the same sense in Henry VIII. ii. 4. 47:

'A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgement.'

Capell altered the word in the text to 'will,' following a guess of Theobald.

20. *stood*, had stood, would have stood, as fair for my affection. In the word 'fair' there is a reference to the complexion of the Moor.

25. *The Sophy* is twice mentioned in Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 197, and iii. 4. 307. In 'The Table' at the end of The History of the Warres betweene the Turkes and the Persians, written in Italian by J. T. Minadoi, and translated by Abraham Hartwell, London, 1595, we read: '*Soffi*, and *Sofito*, an auncient word signifying a wise man, learned and skilfull in Magike Naturall. It is growen to be the common name of the Emperour of Persia.' The first monarch who bore the name was Ismael Sophi, the founder of the Suffavian dynasty at the beginning of the sixteenth century. So says Mill in his British India, but Minadoi, p. 48, affirms that he did rather renew it in his own person.

26. *Sultan Solyman.* It is not necessary to suppose that Shakespeare was at all careful of historical accuracy; but probably he refers to the unfortunate

campaign which Solyman the Magnificent undertook against the Persians in 1535.

27. *outstare.* So the first quarto. The second quarto and folios have 'ore-stare.'

31. *Alas the while!* a form of exclamation now obsolete, or nearly so. The speaker laments the circumstances in which he is placed at the present time. So Julius Cæsar, i. 3. 82: 'But, woe the while!' See also Henry V. iv. 7. 78. Perhaps the same meaning lurks in 'Alack a day!' Compare Ezekiel xxx. 2: 'Woe worth the day!'

35. *page.* This is Theobald's certain emendation for 'rage' which is the reading of the older editions. Lichas is mentioned as the page who unconsciously brought Hercules the poisoned shirt in Ovid's Metamorphoses, ix. 155. 'Alcides' occurs in line 217.

42. *be advised,* be deliberate. See note on i. 1. 142.

43. *Nor will not.* Observe the double negative with a negative sense: 'Nor will I speak to lady,' &c.

44. *The temple,* where the Prince was to take the oath. The mention of a temple instead of a church seems odd here. Perhaps Portia's Roman name led Shakespeare momentarily to forget that she was a Christian, or the mention of Hercules and Lichas may have given his thoughts a classical turn.

46. *blest.* The sense required is 'blessed'st,' which is suggested by the following superlative. See iii. 2. 289, and compare Measure for Measure, iv. 6. 13: 'The generous and gravest citizens.'

Scene II.

Enter Launcelot. The old editions have 'Enter the Clown alone.'

8. *scorn running with thy heels.* See Much Ado About Nothing, iii. 4. 51: 'I scorn that with my heels.'

9. *via!* Italian, meaning 'away!' See Merry Wives, ii. 2. 159.

10. *for the heavens!* For heaven's sake.

15. *grow to.* A household phrase applied to milk when burnt to the bottom of the saucepan, and thence acquiring an unpleasant taste. 'Grown' in this sense is still used in Lincolnshire. (Brogden's Dict. of Prov. Words, &c.)

20. 'God bless the mark,' or 'God save the mark,' is used as a parenthetic apology for some profane or vulgar word. So Hotspur, in 1 Henry IV. i. 3. 56, represents the courtier as apologizing thus for mentioning such things as 'guns and drums and wounds.'

23. *incarnal.* So the first quarto. The other quartos and the folios have 'incarnation.' Either is meant as a ludicrous mistake for 'incarnate.'

31. *sand-blind.* 'Sand' is perhaps a corruption of the Anglo-Saxon *sam,* equivalent to the Latin *semi,* half. Cotgrave has, '*Berluë:* f. 'The being sand-blind, or pur-blind.' 'High-gravel-blind' is of course merely a jest.

32. *confusions.* So the second quarto and folios, doubtless rightly. 'Conclusions' is the reading of the first quarto, but Launcelot would not have given a hard word so correctly.

36. *Marry,* originally 'Mary,' like 'by 'r Lady,' 'by our Lady,' used here as a mere expletive.

39. *sonties.* Corrupted, according to some, from *saintes*, 'saints,' according to others, from 'sanctities.'

53. *an*, for 'if,' generally spelt 'and' in the old editions. Sometimes it is combined with 'if,' as in Matt. xxiv. 48: 'But and if that evil servant shall say in his heart.' See note on iv. 1. 441.

55. *father.* As old men were frequently addressed by the young with the respectful title 'father,' old Gobbo does not recognize his son at once.

61. *bovel-post*, a prop to support the roof of a shed.

73. Mr. Staunton says: 'Stage-tradition, not improbably from the time of Shakespeare himself, makes Launcelot, at this point, kneel with his back to the sand-blind old father, who, of course, mistakes his long back hair for a beard, of which his face is perfectly innocent.'

86. *fill-horse*, shaft-horse. The word is 'philhorse' in the second quarto and folios, and 'pilhorse,' a misprint, in the first quarto. Theobald wrote 'thill-horse.' The fills, or thills, are the shafts of a cart. The former is used by Shakespeare, Troilus and Cressida, iii. 2. 48: 'An you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.'

95. *I have set up my rest.* 'A metaphor from the once fashionable and favourite game of primero; meaning, to stand upon the cards you have in your hand, in hopes they may prove better than those of your adversary. Hence, to make up your mind, to be determined.' (Nares' Glossary.) The phrase occurs in Romeo and Juliet, iv. 5. 6.

99. *give me.* 'me' is here redundant, as in Julius Caesar, i. 2. 267: 'He plucked me ope his doublet.'

103. *I am a Jew.* See Much Ado About Nothing, ii. 3. 272:

'If I do not love her, I am a Jew.'

107. *anon*, immediately.

110. *gramercy*, from the French *grand merci*, 'much thanks.'

119. *cater-cousins* is generally held to mean 'fourth cousins,' 'cater' being derived from the French *quatre*. But no such phrase is, or apparently ever was, known in French as 'quatre-cousin.' This is the only passage in Shakespeare in which it occurs. Halliwell (Arch. and Prov. Dict.) gives 'caper cousins' as a Lancashire expression for 'great friends.' This is evidently a corruption of our phrase. The sense required here is 'barely on speaking terms.' May the word come from *quêteur*, and mean 'as good friends as two friars begging for rival convents?'

122. *frutify.* Probably Launcelot means 'certify.' Mr. Bishop conjectures that in ll. 113, 117, we should read 'spicify' for 'specify.' If so, Launcelot's language is affected by recollections of the pantry, 'spice' and 'fruit.'

134. *preferr'd*, 'recommended for promotion.' It also means 'promoted,' and Bassanio plays upon this double sense. For the former sense, see 2 Henry VI. iv. 7. 77:

'Because my book preferr'd me to the king.'

And for the latter, King Lear, i. 1. 277:

'I would prefer him to a better place.'

137. The proverb referred to runs thus in its Scotch form: 'The grace of God is geir enough.' (Ray's Proverbs, p. 295, ed. 1670.)

143. *guarded*, braided, trimmed. A 'guard' was so called because the *trimming* protected the cloth from injury. See Henry VIII. Prologue, 16:

'a fellow In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow;' and Much Ado About Nothing, i. 1. 287: 'The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither.'

145 sqq. *Well, if any man*, &c. If the text be as Shakespeare wrote it, Launcelot seems to leave the sentence imperfect at 'table,' with an ellipsis of 'I'll be hanged,' or some such phrase. In the science of chiromancy the palm of the hand was called 'the table.' Nares quotes from Middleton, Anything for a Quiet Life:

'*B.* In good earnest I do find written here, all my good fortune lies in your hands.

'*W.* You keep a very bad house then, you may see by the smallness of the table.'

Launcelot, then, looks on his palm and affirms that there is no man in Italy whose 'table' gives more positive assurance of good fortune.

147. From one of the lines on the palm fortune-tellers foretold the course of a man's life, from others the number of his wives. 'A *simple* line of life,' i. e. 'a poor, mean line,' is ironical for the converse.

153. *for this gear.* See note on i. 1. 110.

171. *liberal*, licentious. See Much Ado About Nothing, iv. 1. 93:

'Most like a liberal villain.'

Ib. take pain. Compare Henry VIII. iii. 2. 72:

'This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.'

The more modern 'Took some pains,' is found in the present play, v. 1. 182.

173. *skipping.* See 1 Henry IV. iii. 2. 60:

'The skipping king, he ambled up and down.'

Ib. spirit, pronounced as a monosyllable.

174. *misconstrued.* Printed, as pronounced, 'misconstred' in the quartos, and 'misconsterd' or 'misconster'd' in the folios.

176. *habit*, demeanour.

181. *civility*, civilization, refinement. The word is still used in this sense by our poets. So Patmore, Angel in the House:

'The fair sum of six thousand years'
Traditions of civility.'

182. *sad ostent*, grave appearance. The word 'ostent' occurs again, ii. 8. 44: 'Fair ostents of love,'

Scene III.

5. *soon at supper.* Compare Comedy of Errors, i. 2. 26:

'Soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart.'

And iii. 2. 179:

'And soon at supper-time I'll visit you.'

So Richard III. iv. 3. 31:

'*Come to me*, Tyrrel, soon at after-supper.'

In these and similar phrases 'soon' seems to be used pleonastically, emphasizing the words which follow.

10. *exhibit.* Launcelot means 'inhibit.'

Scene IV.

1. Gratiano and his friends are contriving a masque as a farewell entertainment to Bassanio. So Henry VIII and others disguised themselves as shepherds, and appeared at Cardinal Wolsey's feast. (Henry VIII. i. 4.)

5. *spoke us of torchbearers*, i.e. bespoken torchbearers, made arrangements about torchbearers. The fourth folio alters 'us yet' into 'as yet.'

7. *quaintly*, gracefully, elegantly, in conformity with the derivation of the word from *comptus*. See Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 1. 128: 'The lines are very quaintly writ.'

10. *An.* See note on ii. 2. 53.

Ib. break up, break open. See Winter's Tale, iii. 2. 132:

'Break up the seals and read.'

23. *provided of.* So Henry V. iii. 7. 9: 'You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world;' and Bacon's Advancement of Learning, ii. 22. 15: 'He is invested of a precedent disposition to conform himself thereunto.' 'Of' is frequently used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries where we should use other prepositions, 'with,' 'for,' &c.

37. *faithless*, unbelieving. See Matt. xvii. 17; Mark ix. 19.

Scene V.

3. *What, why*, and *when* are all used as exclamations of impatience. See Richard II. i. 1. 162: 'When, Harry, when?'

11. *bid forth*, invited out.

18. *to-night*, i.e. last night, as in French *cette nuit*. See 2 Henry VI. iii. 2. 31:

'I did dream to-night.
The duke was dumb.'

It is also and more commonly used by Shakespeare in the modern sense, as in l. 36 of this scene.

'Some say that to dreame of money, and all kinde of coyne is ill.' (Artemidorus, The Iudgement, or Exposition of Dreames, p. 99, ed. 1606.)

22. *An.* It may be doubted whether 'and' is to be taken in the sense of 'if,' and in that case spelt for clearness' sake according to the usage of modern editors 'an.'

24. *Black-Monday*, Easter Monday, so called, according to Stowe, because of a storm which occurred on April 14, 1360, being Easter Monday, when Edward III. was lying with his army before Paris, and when many of his men-at-arms died of cold.

29. *squealing.* The first quarto reads 'squeaking.'

Ib. wry-neck'd fife. Boswell quotes Barnaby Rich's Aphorismes, 1618: 'A fife is a wry-neckt musician, for he always looks away from his instrument.' It may be doubted whether 'fife' here means the musician or the instrument, as the fife may have had a mouth-piece.

32. *varnish'd faces.* The maskers painted their faces by way of disguise. Shylock alludes also to Christian duplicity. Compare Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 36:

'But only painted, like his varnish'd friends.'

35. *Jacob's staff.* See Gen. xxxii. 10, and Heb. xi. 21. It is in this sense, no doubt, that Shakespeare understands the phrase, but it was familiarly used in the sense of a pilgrim's staff, because S. James (or Jacob), the patron of pilgrims, was represented with one in his hand. See Spenser's Faery Queene, i. 6. 35:

'And in his hand a Iacobs staffe, to stay
His weary limbs upon.'

36. *of feasting*, for feasting, as we should say.

42. *Jewess'*. This is Pope's reading. The quartos and two first folios have *Jewes*, and the two later folios *Jew's*. Mr. R. G. White maintains that 'Jewess' is a modern word, but it occurs in the Authorized Version of 1611 (Acts xvi. 1) and in the earlier versions, even in that of Wiclif.

45. *patch*, a fool, from the patched or motley coat of the professional jester. Hence applied more generally as a term of contempt. See Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 9:

'A crew of patches, rude mechanicals.'

Perhaps, however, the word is a corruption of the Italian *pazzo*. Florio gives '*Pazzo*, a foole, a patch, a madman.'

47. The wild cat, which prowls and preys by night, sleeps during the day.

51. *Perhaps I will.* In modern English we should say 'perhaps I shall.'

53. '*Bon guet chasse malaventure*, Pro. Good watch preuents misfortune; (fast bind fast find, say we).' Cotgrave's Dictionary, s. v. *Bon*. The same proverb is given in Florio's Second Frutes (1591), p. 15.

Scene VI.

2. This line has a foot too much. Irregularities of defect or excess are particularly frequent when a line is divided between two speakers.

3. *out-dwells*, out-stays.

5. *Venus' pigeons.* So Tempest, iv. 1. 94:

'I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son
Dove-drawn with her.'

7. *obliged faith*, faith bound by contract. Compare Merry Wives of Windsor, i. 1. 11: 'In any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation;' where 'obligation' is used for the deed by which one binds himself.

9. *sits down.* We should say 'sits down with.' So 'of' is omitted, iv. 1. 385.

10. *untread again*, tread in reverse order, retrace. So King John, v. 4. 52:

'We will untread the steps of damned flight.'

The allusion seems to be to a horse trained to perform various feats, such as we now see only in a circus.

14. *younker*. This, which is Rowe's emendation for 'younger,' the reading of the quartos and folios, exactly expresses the Greek *νεανίας*. Compare 3 Henry VI. ii. 1. 24:

'How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love.'

15. *scarfed*, decked with flags. Or is it that a ship in full sail is compared to a woman dressed in scarfs? The former interpretation is confirmed by All 's Well that ends Well, ii. 3. 214: 'The scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen.' From this it would seem that a scarf was a decoration of a pleasure vessel.

17. See Luke xv. 11–32. Observe that it is '*a* prodigal' in l. 14, '*the* prodigal' in l. 17.

18. *over-weather'd*, injured by storms, weather-beaten. The folios read erroneously 'over-wither'd.'

21. *abode*, stay, tarrying.

24. This line as it stands is metrically defective. As 'then' must be emphatic, Pope's reading 'Come, approach,' for 'Approach,' does not restore harmony. Ritson's conjecture,

'I'll watch as long for you. Come then, approach,'

is more satisfactory.

30. *who*, frequently used by Shakespeare for 'whom.' So 'I' for 'me' in iii. 2. 214.

35. *exchange*, of woman's dress for boy's.

42. *good sooth*, in good truth. See Macbeth, i. 2. 36: 'If I say sooth.'

Ib. too too light. The repetition of 'too' is emphatic. It was common enough to be regarded almost as a compound, and the accent is on the first 'too.' See Hamlet, i. 2. 129:

'O, that this too too solid flesh would melt.'

There is an obvious play on the two senses of the word 'light.'

44. There is a play also on the word *obscured*. Jessica means that she ought to be hidden, Lorenzo that her lustre is dimmed.

47. *the close night*, the secret night is stealing away. See Macbeth, iii. 5. 7:

'The close contriver of all harms.'

51. *by my hood*. Malone supposes that the dress in which Bassanio was disguised had a hood, and that the oath is invented for the nonce. It is found nowhere else in Shakespeare.

Ib. Gentile. The second quarto and first folio have *gentle*. There is no doubt a play upon the two words. See iv. 1. 34.

52. *Besbrew me*, curse me. Chaucer uses 'shrew' in the sense of 'curse,' and in Shakespeare's time 'shrewd' and 'curst' were synonymous. Taming of the Shrew, i. 2. 70:

'As curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xanthippe.'

66. The first quarto by mistake omits the last line of Antonio's speech, and continues the two next lines to the same.

67. *on't* is frequently used for 'of it,' and occasionally we find 'on' for '*of' by itself*, as Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 71:

'And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus.'

Scene VII.

1. *discover*, disclose. See Merry Wives of Windsor, ii. 2. 190: 'I shall discover a thing to you.' Sometimes it was used in the sense of 'uncover.'

5. *Who* is sometimes used when the antecedent is inanimate, as in Pericles, i. 1. 46:

'For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it error.'

On the other hand 'which' is frequently used for 'who.'

20. *shows*, appearances. Compare iii. 2. 73. So Ps. xxxix. 6: 'Surely every man walketh in a vain shew.'

30. *disabling*. See note on i. 1. 123.

40. *mortal breathing*. In the old editions we find 'mortall breathing.' Some recent editors have hyphened the words, perhaps rightly. A similar double epithet is found in Richard III. iv. 4. 26: 'Poor mortal living ghost.'

41. *Hyrcanian deserts*. Hyrcania was a name given to a district of indefinite extent south of the Caspian. Shakespeare three times mentions the tigers of Hyrcania: 3 Henry VI. i. 4. 155; Macbeth, iii. 4. 101; Hamlet, ii. 2. 472. In Holland's translation of Pliny's Natural History, Bk. viii. c. 18, we find: 'Tygres are bred in Hircania and India.'

Ib. vasty, waste, desolate. See 1 Henry IV. iii. 1. 52: 'I can call spirits from the vasty deep.' It has almost an active sense in Henry V. ii. 4. 105:

'War opens his vasty jaws.'

So 'vastness' is used for 'desolation' in Bacon's Advancement of Learning, ii. 7. 7: 'Because their excursions into the limits of physical causes hath bred a vastness and solitude in that tract.'

43. *come view*. So Merry Wives of Windsor, iv. 2. 80: 'We'll come dress you straight.' The same ellipsis is found with 'go:' as Hamlet, ii. 1. 101: 'I will go seek the king.'

46. *spirits*. So King John, ii. 1. 72:

'A braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide.'

50. Lead would be too common a metal to enclose her shroud. For 'rib' see Cymbeline, iii. 1. 19:

'As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters.'

51. *cerecloth*. See Cotgrave, '*Cerat*: A Plaister made of Waxe, Gummes, &c., and certaine oyles; Wee also, call it, a cerot or seare-cloth.' Dead bodies were wrapped in such cloths, called 'cerements' in Hamlet, i. 4. 48.

53. *undervalued*. Compare i. 1. 165. In the beginning of Elizabeth's reign gold was to silver in the proportion of 11 to 1: in the forty-third year of her reign (i. e. 1600, the year in which this play was first printed) it was in the proportion of 10 to 1. (Encyc. Brit. Art. 'Coinage.') The ratio at *present is nearly 15 to 1.*

57. *insculp'd upon*, graven on the outside, cut in relief. See 2 Corinthians v. 4: 'Not that we would be unclothed but clothed upon,' i. e. clothed with something in addition to the usual dress. The word is used somewhat similarly in Chaucer, Frere's Tale, 6963:

'He had upon a courtepy of greene.'

58. The 'angel' was worth about ten shillings, and was so called from having on one side a figure of Michael piercing the dragon. It has supplied Shakespeare with many puns. The device was adopted after the fashion of 'canting heraldry,' from *Angelus* and *Anglus*.

63. *A carrion Death*, a skull from which the flesh had rotted off. Compare King John, iii. 4. 33:

'And be a carrion monster like thyself.'

We find an odd use of 'carrion' in North's Plutarch, Julius Cæsar, p. 739, ed. 1631: 'These pale visaged and carion leane people.'

69. *tombs do*. This is the excellent emendation first suggested by Dr. Johnson. The old copies read *timber do* or *timber doe*. Pope read *wood may*. Mr. Staunton proposes to omit 'do,' if 'timber' be retained.

73. *Your suit is cold*, meets a cold reception, is frozen by refusal. The expression seems to have been a familiar one. See Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 4. 186: 'I hope my master's suit will be but cold.'

77. *part*, depart. See Coriolanus, v. 6. 73: 'When I parted hence.' 'Depart' was also used where we should say 'part,' as in the Marriage Service 'till death us do part' is a corruption of 'till death us depart.'

Scene VIII.

4. *raised*, roused. See Othello, i. 1. 183:

'Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.'

8. The gondolas of Venice have always made a great impression upon travellers. 'To have swum in a gondola' was a phrase almost proverbial for having travelled.

12. *passion*, passionate outcry. See Troilus and Cressida, v. 2. 181: 'Your passion draws ears hither.' 'Passion' is also used as a verb in the same sense. Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 4. 172:

''Twas Ariadne passioning
For Theseus' perjury.'

25. *keep his day*, be punctual to his day of payment. See note on i. 3. 151.

27. *reason'd*, conversed. See note on i. 2. 19.

30. *fraught*, freighted.

33. *you were best to tell*. See v. 1. 177. See also King Lear, 1. 4. 109: 'You were best take my coxcomb,' and Othello, v. 2. 161: 'Peace, you were best.'

39. *Slubber*. So the first quarto. The second quarto has 'slumber,' an error corrected in the folio. The word is given in Cotgrave (s. v. *Ordir*) as equivalent to 'sully, slurry;' in modern English 'to slur over.' It occurs in the sense of 'sully' in Othello, i. 3. 227: 'You must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and

boisterous expedition.' It is found in the same sense as here in Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit without Money, i. 2: 'I am as haste ordained me, a thing slubber'd.' '*Boiffer*. To bungle vp, or slubber ouer, things in hast.' (Cotgrave.)

40. *riping*. See As You Like It, ii. 7. 26:

'And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe.'

42. *Mind of love*, your loving mind, your mind which is full of love. See Measure for Measure, ii. 4. 179: 'Such a mind of honour.' Bennet Langton and Capell proposed to put a comma after 'mind,' construing 'of love' as an adjuration, as in Merry Wives of Windsor, ii. 2. 119: 'Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves;' but this seems hardly consistent with the rhythm of the verse. Mr. Staunton proposes to read '*bond* of love.'

43. As this seems to be the only instance in which Shakespeare uses 'employ to' for 'employ in,' Mr. Collier adopts 'apply.'

45. *conveniently*, fitly, suitably. See Proverbs xxx. 8: 'Feed me with food convenient for me,' and Romans i. 28: 'Those things which are not convenient.'

48. *affection*, emotion.

Ib. sensible, sensitive. See Coriolanus, i. 3. 95: 'I would your cambric were sensible as your finger.'

52. *his embraced heaviness*, the sadness to which he clings. Compare iii. 2. 109, 'rash-embraced despair.' For 'heaviness' see 1 Peter i. 6.

Scene IX.

1. *straight*, straightway, directly.

3. *election*, choice.

18. *hazard* is here a substantive. We find 'go to hazard,' Henry V. iii. 7. 93, 95, where the word is used in two senses.

19. *address'd me*, prepared myself. See Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 53: 'Address yourself to entertain them sprightly.' In the quartos and folios there is only a comma after 'me,' which probably suggested to Tyrwhitt the reading and punctuation:

'And so have I. Address me, Fortune, now
To my heart's hope!'

The meaning of the text is 'May good fortune second my heart's hope.' Or, supposing the speaker to invoke the goddess, we might point thus:

'Fortune! now
To my heart's hope.'

Now let me try my luck.

25. That 'many' may be intended to refer to the fool multitude. We should rather say 'The fool multitude may be meant by that 'many.' See North's Plutarch, Brutus, p. 994 (ed. 1631): 'the leane and whitely faced fellowes, meaning that by Brutus and Cassius.'

27. *fond*, foolish. See Richard II. v. 2. 95: 'Thou fond mad woman,' and iii. 3. 9. of this play. Shakespeare also uses the word, though rarely, in its modern sense: Coriolanus, v. 3. 162:

'When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood.'

Even here there is blame or contempt implied in the word.

28. *the martlet.* See Macbeth, i. 6. 4: 'The temple-haunting martlet.'

29. *in the weather*, exposed to storms. See King John, iv. 2. 109:

'Pour down thy weather,'

and Cymbeline, iii. 3. 64:

'Left me bare to weather.'

The word was also used in the general sense, as 'good weather,' 'fair weather,' &c.

32. *jump with*, agree with. See 1 Henry IV. i. 2. 78: 'In some sort it jumps with my humour.' The verb is used also absolutely in Twelfth Night, v. 1. 259:

'Till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola.'

'Jump' is found also as an adjective 'suitable,' and an adverb 'just,' 'exactly.'

43. *purchased*, won, acquired. See Richard II. i. 3. 282: 'Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour;' and 1 Timothy iii. 13.

44. *cover*, wear their hats, as masters. See As You Like It, iii. 3. 78: 'Pray be covered.'

46–49. Dr. Johnson, in order to remedy the confusion of metaphors, proposed to read,

'Pick'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Glean'd from the chaff . . .'

But Shakespeare's luxuriant fancy cannot be pruned thus.

48. *ruin*, refuse, rubbish.

61. *distinct.* Accented on the first syllable. In Shakespeare the accents are particularly fluctuating in the case of words of foreign derivation.

68. *I wis*, a corruption of 'ywis,' the Old English equivalent of the German *gewiss.*

69. *so was this.* The idiot's picture was silvered o'er, being in the silver casket.

70, 71. 'Whether you marry or not, you will always have a fool's head.' In these lines there is perhaps a reference to the text 'The husband is the head of the wife.' (Ephesians v. 23.) Johnson is hypercritical when he finds fault with this doggrel for being inconsistent with Arragon's oath not to marry.

74. *By the time*, in proportion to the time.

81. They are so over-wise that their subtlety leads them to make a wrong choice.

83. Compare All's Well that Ends Well, i. 3. 65: 'Your marriage comes by destiny.'

85. *my lord.* Portia jestingly addresses the servant by a title corresponding to that which he had used in addressing her. Compare 1 Henry IV. ii. 4. 315:

'*Hostess.* O Jesu, my lord the prince!
Prince. How now, my lady the hostess!'

89. *sensible*, evident to the senses, substantial. See Macbeth, ii. 1. 36:

'Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight?'

89. *regreets*, greetings. See King John, iii. 1. 241:
'Unyoke this seizure and this kind regreet.'

90. *commends*, commendations, compliments. See Richard II. iii. 1. 38: 'Tell her I send to her my kind commends.'

91. *Yet I have not*, I have never yet.

92. *likely*, promising, one whose appearance suited the message he had to deliver. In much the same sense the word occurs, 2 Henry IV. iii. 2. 273: 'They are your likeliest men.'

98. *high-day wit*. See Merry Wives of Windsor, iii. 2. 69: 'He writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May,' and 1 Henry IV. i. 3. 49:

'With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me.'

100. *post*, postman, courier. See Coriolanus, v. 6. 50:
'Your native town you enter'd like a post.'

ACT III.

Scene I.

2. *It lives there unchecked*, the rumour is current there uncontradicted.

3. *the narrow seas*, the English Channel. See ii. 8. 28. In the 'Prologue of the processe of the Libel of English policie,' published in Hakluyt's Voyages (i. p. 187, ed. 1599) we find:

'Cherish Marchandise, keepe the admiraltie;
That we bee Masters of the *narrowe see*.'

And again, of Calais and Dover:

'Keepe these two Townes sure, and your Maiestee
As your tweyne eyne: so keepe the *narrowe see*.'

Sir John Hawkins writing to Lord Burghley, Nov. 30, 1593, 'sends a note of the pay for the ships serving in the *Narrow Seas*.' (Calendar of State Papers, 1591–1594, p. 389.)

Ib. the Goodwins, the Goodwin Sands, off the eastern coast of Kent. The name is supposed to be derived from Earl Godwin, whose property, according to tradition, was swallowed up by the sea, A.D. 1100. See King John, v. 3. 11:

'Wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands,'

and v. 5. 13 of the same play.

5. Compare Richard II. ii. 1. 286: 'eight tall ships.'

9. *knapped*, snapped, broke into small pieces. Compare Psalm xlvi. 9, Prayer-book: 'He knappeth the spear in sunder.' Ginger was a favourite condiment with old people.

24. *the wings she flew withal*, the boy's dress in which she made her escape.

26. *complexion*, nature, disposition, temperament. Cotgrave translates the French *complexion* thus: 'The complexion, making, temper, constitution of the bodie; also, the disposition, affection, humors, or inclination of the mind.'

34. *match*, agreement, bargain.

36. *smug*, neat, trim. See 1 Henry IV. iii. 1. 102: 'The smug and silver Trent.'

43. *bindered me half a million*, hindered me from gaining half a million ducats.

48. *affections*, when contrasted with 'passions,' seem to denote emotions produced through the senses by external objects. Compare iv. 1. 49:

'Affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes.'

Steevens quotes from Greene's Never Too Late: 'His heart was fuller of passions than his eyes of affections.'

Ib. fed. Supply the ellipsis 'Is he not.'

59. *it shall go hard* . . . The obstacles must be great indeed which shall prevent me from improving upon your teaching.

64. *cannot be matched*, cannot be found to match them.

70. *cost*, which cost: an instance of the frequent ellipsis of the relative.

Ib. Frankfort. In Coryat's Crudities (p. 562, ed. 1611) we find: 'There are two things which make this citie famous ouer all Europe. The one the election of the King of the Romanes, the other the two noble fayres kept heere twise a yeare, which are called the Martes of Franckford.'

76. *Why thou loss upon loss!* For 'thou' the second folio has 'then,' and Mr. Lloyd proposes to read 'there!'

84. 'An argosy bound to Tripolis' is mentioned among Antonio's ventures, i. 3. 17.

89. *where?* Rowe's correction. The quartos have *beere*, and the folios *here*, without a note of interrogation.

102. *It was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor.* 'With the Germans it [the turquoise] is yet the gem appropriated to the ring, the "gage d'amour" presented by the lover on the acceptance of his suit, the permanence of its colour being believed to depend on the constancy of his affection.' (King, Natural History of Gems, p. 67.) It was also supposed to look bright or pale according as its wearer was well or ill. Hence Ben Jonson in his Sejanus, i. 1:

'And true as turkise in the deare lords ring,
Looke well, or ill, with him.'

It was moreover believed to have the power of warning its wearer against approaching danger.

107. *fee me an officer*, engage me an officer to be ready to arrest Antonio. In Boswell's edition of 1821 'fee' is misprinted 'see.'

110. Shakespeare probably intended to add another shade of darkness to the character of Shylock, by making him still formally devout while meditating his horrible vengeance. Coryat (p. 231) says that there were at least seven synagogues in Venice.

Scene II.

6. *Hatred would not give counsels of such a kind as those which I am giving you.*

8. Portia means, 'And yet, since a maiden may only think and not speak her thoughts, you will not understand me, however long you stay.'

15. *o'erlooked*, fascinated, bewitched. See Merry Wives of Windsor, v. 5. 87:

'Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.'

18. *naughty*, wicked. This word, now banished to the nursery, had formerly a wider meaning. See for example v. 1. 91:

'So shines a good deed in a naughty world.'

20, 21. *Prove it so, Let Fortune go to hell for it, not I.* 'If it prove that I, who am yours by affection, am not yours owing to your unlucky choice of casket, Fortune ought to suffer the penalty, not I: and yet to lose you will be hell to me.' This passage is an instance of that condensation of thought which so frequently makes Shakespeare's language obscure.

22. *peize the time.* Cotgrave translates the French *peser*, 'To peise, poise, weigh; to ponder, perpend, consider.' Hence 'to peise the time' may mean 'to weigh with deliberation each precious moment.' Steevens interprets, 'to weight the time that it may pass slowly.' Rowe, Johnson, and Dyce read '*piece* the time;' and Mr. Collier's MS. corrector, '*pause* the time.' Henley quotes from Sir Philip Sidney's Apology for Poetry: 'Not speaking words as they chanceably fall from the mouth, but peyzing each sillable.' The word is used in the sense of 'poise' in King John, ii. 1. 575:

'The world, who of itself is peised well;'

and in the sense of 'weigh,' in Richard III. v. 3. 105:

'Lest leaden slumber peise me down.'

29. *fear the enjoying*, doubt whether I shall enjoy.

30, 31. Treason and my love can no more exist together in friendship than snow and fire.

33. It is pleasant to find Shakespeare before his age in denouncing the futility of this barbarous method of extorting truth. He was old enough to remember the case of Francis Throckmorton in 1584; and that of Squires in 1598 was fresh in his mind. See Lingard's History of England, vol. v. pp. 405, 558.

35. Had you said 'love' instead of 'live,' you would have expressed all that I have to confess.

39. Here the curtain is withdrawn which concealed the caskets, as in the former scenes.

44. The notion that swans sang just before their death was a favourite one with Shakespeare. See Othello, v. 2. 247:

'I will play the swan,
And die in music.'

See also King John, v. 7. 21:

'I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death.'

The source from which it became popularly known was probably Ovid, Heroides, vii. 1:

'Sic ubi fata vocant udis abjectus in herbis
Ad vada Maeandri concinit albus olor.'

45. *Fading*, vanishing, departing. The same word is used for 'dying.' See Tempest, i. 2. 399:

'Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.'

It is used also for the vanishing of the ghost in Hamlet, i. 1. 157:

'It faded on the crowing of the cock.'

49. At the coronation of English sovereigns the moment of the putting on of the crown is announced by a flourish of trumpets.

52. The musicians who were to accompany the bridegroom to the house of the bride went betimes to awaken him.

54. *with much more love*. Because Hercules rescued Hesione, not for love of the lady, but for the sake of the horses promised him by Laomedon. See Ovid's Metamorphoses, xi. 211–214:

'Regis quoque filia monstro
Poscitur aequoreo: quam dura ad saxa revinctam
Vindicat Alcides promissaque munera dictos
Poscit equos.'

63. *fancy*. The word is used as synonymous with 'love' in Twelfth Night, i. 1. 9–14:

'O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
. . . . . so full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.'

See also Much Ado About Nothing, iii. 2. 31:

'*Claudio*. Yet, say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be the fancy that he hath to strange disguises.'

In 'The Shepheeard's Ode,' by Rich. Barnefielde (England's Helicon), the two are distinguished as working against each other:

'Loue commanded me to loue,
Fancy bade me not remoue
My affection from the Swaine
Whom I neuer could obtaine.'

In the present passage 'fancy' seems to be censured as a feeling neither bred in heart nor in brain, but in the eye only, penetrating no deeper and lasting only while its object is in sight. A warning may be intended to Bassanio not to allow his judgment to be led astray by the glitter of the gold and silver caskets.

67. *eyes*. So the folio. The quartos have *eye*.

73. Bassanio pursues his train of thought aloud: 'So external appearances of things may be most unlike the things themselves.'

74. *still*, constantly. See i. 1. 136.

76. *season'd*. This carries on the metaphor suggested by 'tainted' in the preceding line. Compare Twelfth Night, i. 1. 30:

'And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.'

76. *gracious*, pleasing, winning favour. See Twelfth Night, i. 5. 281:

'And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person.'

78. *some sober brow*, some one of grave aspect.

79. *approve*, prove. So Acts ii. 22: 'Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved (ἀποδεδειγμένον) of God among you by miracles and wonders and signs.' Elsewhere it means to put to the proof, test. See Rom. ii. 18: 'approvest the things that are more excellent' (δοκιμάζεις τὰ διαφέροντα).

81. *vice*. So the second folio. The quartos and first folio have *voice*. The word 'simple,' which means 'sheer,' 'unmixed,' and also 'low-born,' as opposed to 'gentle,' suggested to Shakespeare the metaphor which follows, referring to the assumption of heraldic bearings by pretenders to gentility.

86. *livers white as milk*. So King Lear, iv. 2. 50, 'milk-liver'd man;' and 2 Henry IV. iv. 3. 113: 'The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice.'

87. *excrement*. This term was applied to the hair. See Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 734:

'*Aut.* Let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement.
[*Takes off his false beard.*]'

And Hamlet, iii. 4. 121:

'Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up and stands an end.'

It was also used of the nails, as 'growing out' of the body.

91. Shakespeare plays, as usual, upon the two senses of 'light,' i. e. in weight and in conduct. Compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 2. 84:

'It is too heavy for so light a tune.'

94. *Upon supposed fairness*, surmounting fictitious beauty. For this sense of 'supposed,' see Bacon's Advancement of Learning, i. 6. 3: 'The celestial hierarchy of that supposed Dionysius, the senator of Athens.' See also 3 Henry VI. iii. 3. 223:

'And tell false Edward, thy supposed king.'

And King Lear, v. 3. 112:

'Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloucester.'

And 2 Henry IV. iv. 5. 196: 'Wounding supposed peace.'

95. Compare Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 144:

'Thatch your poor thin roofs
With burthens of the dead.'

And Sonnet lxviii:

'Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay.'

Queen Elizabeth at sixty-four wore a mass of false fair hair. (Lingard's History of England, vol. v. p. 617.)

97. *guiled*, full of guile, deceptive, treacherous. So iv. 1. 181, 'blest,' i. e. endowed with blessing; and 1 Henry IV. i. 3. 183:

'Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king,'

where 'disdain'd' means full of disdain. So probably in Measure for Measure, iii. 1. 121, 'the delighted spirit' means the spirit capable of delight.

99. *Veiling an Indian beauty.* The only possible explanation of the text, viz. that 'beauty' is used ironically, is not tenable, considering that 'beauteous' has just been used in its natural sense. Various guesses have been made as to the word which we should substitute for 'beauty'—'gipsy,' 'idol,' 'visage,' 'feature,' 'beldam;' but it is impossible to pronounce positively which is the right, if any. Perhaps 'bosom' may be better than all these, if we consider how a scarf is worn. Theobald proposed to alter the punctuation and read thus:

'Veiling an Indian; beauty in a word,' &c.

But the poet is speaking, not of beauty, but ornament, and the sense would be spoiled by the intrusion of a new subject.

102. *Hard food for Midas.* Midas had prayed that everything he touched might turn to gold, and found himself likely to be famished by the literal fulfilment of his prayer. See Ovid's Metamorphoses, xi. 102–145, and Gower, Confessio Amantis, Bk. v.

106. *paleness.* As the poet had just before called silver 'pale,' Theobald, on Warburton's suggestion, changed 'paleness' to 'plainness;' and Dr. Farmer, retaining 'paleness,' would read 'stale' in the former line. He gives several instances of the use of 'pale,' as applied to 'lead.'

113. *In measure rain thy joy.* The first quarto has 'range,' the second quarto and the two first folios 'raine,' the third and fourth quartos 'reine,' the third and fourth folios 'rain.' Malone quotes 1 Henry IV. v. 1. 47:

'In short space
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head.'

Most editors after him print 'rain,' but 'rein' rests on higher authority and makes good sense.

115. *counterfeit*, portrait. See Timon of Athens, v. 1. 83:

'Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens.'

120. *bairs.* So in King John, iii. 4. 68: 'Bind up your hairs.'

124, 125. *having made one, Methinks it . . .* The nominative is changed, leaving the words 'having made one' without a verb to follow. Such negligent constructions are of frequent occurrence.

126. *unfurnish'd*, not equipped with its fellow eye. Rowe read 'unfinish'd;' but the text is supported by a passage quoted by M. Mason from Fletcher's Lover's Progress, act ii. sc. 1:

'Will 't please you bring a friend? We are two of us,
And pity either, sir, should be unfurnish'd,'

i. e. unmatched with an antagonist.

130. *continent*, that which contains. Used of the bank of a river in Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 92:

'Contagious fogs, which falling in the land
Have every pelting river made so proud
That they have overborne their continents.'

140. *I come by note . . .*, I come according to written warrant [the scroll *just read*] to give a kiss and receive the lady. 'Note' is used for a written *memorandum* in Winter's Tale, iv. 3. 49: 'That's out of my note.'

141. *prize*, i. e. a contest for a prize. The Greeks used ἆθλον in the same way for the prize and for the contest.

157. *livings*, estates. Compare Bacon's Colours of Good and Evil (p. 254, ed. Wright): 'and therefore men whose living lieth together in one shire, are commonly counted greater landed than those whose livings are dispersed.'

159. *sum of—something*. The quartos read 'something,' the folios 'nothing,' which has been adopted by many editors. We have retained the quarto reading, introducing a dash after 'of.' We understand Portia to hesitate for a word which shall describe herself appropriately. The folio reading, 'nothing, which to term in gross,' &c., would be a singular anti-climax if it were not a direct self-contradiction.

Ib. to term in gross, to define generally.

162. The line is defective both in metre and sense. Capell supplied both by reading 'happier than this in that She &c.'

164. *Happiest* is neuter here: 'The happiest thing of all is,' &c.

173. The giving of rings as tokens of fidelity in love is frequently mentioned by our author. See Twelfth Night, v. 1. 159-163:

> 'A contract of eternal bond of love
> . . . . . .
> Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings.'

So also Romeo and Juliet, iii. 2. 142, and many passages in The Two Gentlemen of Verona and All 's Well that Ends Well. Here the giving of Portia's ring, with the injunction never to part with it, is a happy device for prolonging the interest of the play after the trial scene, and ending it in the lighter vein suited to comedy.

175. *be my vantage to exclaim on you*, give me such strong ground for complaining of your conduct that you will be unable to defend it. 'Vantage' is the position of one who is 'master of the situation.' It is so used in Hamlet, v. 2. 402:

> 'I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
> Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.'

For 'exclaim on,' see 1 Henry VI. v. 3. 134:

> 'I am a soldier and unapt to weep
> Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.'

180. There may be an allusion here to some recent speech of Queen Elizabeth, spoken 'fairly,' i. e. clearly and well. 'Prince' was used in Shakespeare's time to denote any personage of royal rank, whether male or female. Bacon (Advancement of Learning, i. 7. 9) speaks of Queen Elizabeth as 'a prince that, if Plutarch were now alive to write lives by parallels, would trouble him, I think, to find for her a parallel amongst women.'

182. *blent*, blended. Twelfth Night, i. 5. 257: ''Tis beauty truly blent.'

184. *Express'd and not express'd*, expressed in inarticulate sounds.

192. *You can wish none from me.* Being all-sufficient to each other, you cannot wish to deprive me of any joy to add to your own.

196. *so*, provided that.

199. *I loved: for intermission*, &c. This is Theobald's punctuation. 'Intermission' is to be taken in its usual sense of 'pause,' 'delay.' If a full stop be put at 'intermission,' and not at 'loved' (so the third quarto), the sense *must be 'I loved to fill* up the time.' The master being absorbed in his

love, the attendant had nothing else to do but follow his example. The older copies have no stop after 'loved,' and a comma after 'intermission.'

200. *No more pertains* . . . . No more pertains to me than to you, our circumstances are the same. Mr. Staunton however interprets: 'I owe my wife as much to you as to my own efforts.'

213. In modern English we should say 'our feast *will* be much honoured.'

219. *my very friends*, my true friends. See Romeo and Juliet, iii. 1. 115:

> 'My very friend hath got his mortal hurt
> In my behalf.'

225. *past all saying nay*, beyond all possibility of refusal.

232. *estate*, state, condition. The word is frequently so used in the Authorized Version, though in many instances it has been altered to 'state' in recent editions.

235. *that royal merchant.* The expression occurs again iv. 1. 29:

> 'Enow to press a royal merchant down.'

Sir Thomas Gresham, says Johnson, was called 'the royal merchant,' being frequently employed as agent to the English sovereigns Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth. (See Burgon's Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham, c. 2.) The term was also applied to the great Italian merchants who held mortgages on kingdoms and sometimes acquired principalities for themselves. The Medici, and their rivals the Pazzi, were merchants. Here it is used as a complimentary term to indicate the wealth and power of Antonio.

239. *shrewd*, evil. See King John, v. 5. 14: 'Foul shrewd news.' And Henry VIII. v. 3. 178:

> 'Do my Lord of Canterbury
> A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.'

240. *steals*, altered by Pope to *steal*. But even if 'contents' be the antecedent to 'that,' such an inaccuracy is frequent in Shakespeare, and in this case 'paper' may be the antecedent.

242. *the constitution*, the whole temper of mind.

243. *constant*, steady, even-minded, self-possessed. See Henry V. ii. 2. 133:

> 'Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger,
> Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood.'

And Tempest, i. 2. 207:

> 'Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
> Would not affect his reason.'

245. Pope omitted 'freely' to reduce the line to the ordinary length. Shakespeare, intentionally or otherwise, introduces many Alexandrines.

258. *mere*, entire, thorough, absolute. See Love's Labour's Lost, i. 2. 35: 'The mere contrary;' and Othello, ii. 2. 3: 'The mere perdition of the Turkish fleet.'

262. *Issuing*, emitting. The verb is generally neuter, except in the phrases 'to issue an edict,' 'issue a proclamation.'

263. *not one bit*, not one succeeded.

266. *touch*, in reference to the common use of the verb 'to touch upon a rock.'

272. *confound*, ruin, destroy. See Macbeth, iv. 1. 53:

'Though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up.'

And King John, v. 7. 58: 'A clod
And module of confounded royalty.'

See also Jeremiah i. 17. So the substantive 'confusion' is used, as in Isaiah xxiv. 10.

274. *And doth impeach the freedom of the state*, denies that strangers have equal rights in Venice.

276. *the magnificoes*. Florio has '*Magnifico*, nobly-minded, magnificent. Also a Magnifico of Venice.' See Othello, i. 2. 12:

'Be assured of this,
That the magnifico is much beloved.'

Giustinian's colleague is called in his report 'the Magnifico Messer Piero Pasqualigo.' (Rawdon Brown's Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII. vol. ii. p. 310.) The title usually given to the higher nobility was *clarissimo*.

277. *port* is here used, not in its ordinary sense of external bearing, but rather in the sense of weight and importance.

Ib. persuaded with him, advised him. Cotgrave has '*Conseiller*. To counsell, aduise, direct; persuade, admonish, warne.' See Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 1. 1:

'Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus.'

278. *envious*, inspired by hatred, malicious. See Romeo and Juliet, iii. 1. 173:

'An envious thrust from Tybalt.'

So 'envy' is used, iv. 1. 10, for 'malice.'

285. *deny not*, forbid not.

289. *unwearied*, i.e. most unwearied, the sense of the neighbouring superlative being communicated as it were by attraction. Compare ii. 1. 46:

'To make me blest or cursed'st among men.'

Compare also Measure for Measure, iv. 6. 13:

'The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates.'

And Sonnet lxxx. 6:

'The humble as the proudest sail.'

295. *deface*, cancel; apparently used in a technical sense, though no such term is now employed. It is derived from the Fr. *défaire*, the origin of *defeasance* or *defeisance*, which is still in use, and is defined by Cowel (Law Dict. s. v.) as 'a condition relating to a deed, as to a recognisance or statute, which being performed by the recognizor, the deed is disabled and made void, as if it had never been done.'

298. *through* is here pronounced, as it is frequently written, as a dissyllable, 'thorough.' The editor of the second folio inserted 'my,' 'through my Bassanio's fault.'

299. *church*, not 'temple' here, as in ii. 1. 44.

308. *cheer*, countenance. See Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 96:

'All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer.'

The word comes from the French *chère*, Italian *ciera* or *cera*.

313. *my bond is forfeit*, i. e. is forfeited. So Measure for Measure, ii. 2. 73:

'Why all the souls that were were forfeit once.'

315. *between you and I.* A similar inaccuracy is found As You Like It, i. 2. 279:

'What he is indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.'

Ib. C. Kemble proposed to point the passage thus:

'between you and I.
If I might but see you at my death:—'

322. *No rest.* So the first quarto. The second and folios give 'Nor rest.'

Scene III.

9. *naughty*, worthless, wicked. See note on iii. 2. 18.

10. *so fond to come abroad*, so foolish as to come out of doors. See Richard III. iii. 2. 26:

'And for his dreams, I wonder he is so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers.'

'Abroad,' in the sense of 'out of doors,' is common in Suffolk. See Judges xii. 9; 1 Kings ii. 42.

14. *dull-eyed*, wanting in perception, not, as we think, used of eyes dim with tears. So in Fletcher's Elder Brother, i. 1: 'Though I be dull-eyed, I see through this juggling.'

19. *kept*, dwelt. See Measure for Measure, iii. 1. 10:

'This habitation where thou keep'st.'

The word is still used in this sense at Cambridge, and hence by Tennyson in his In Memoriam:

'Love was and is my King and Lord,
And will be, tho' as yet I keep
Within his courts on earth.'

23. *made moan*, complained. See i. 1. 126.

25. *grant to bold*, allow to hold good.

26. *deny the course of law*, refuse to let the law take its course.

27 sqq. For the refusal of the usual facilities enjoyed by strangers in Venice will bring in serious question the justice of the state. Capell read and pointed thus:

'The duke cannot deny the course of law,
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice: if it be deny'd,
'Twill much impeach the justice of the state.'

Thomas, in his History of Italye (1561) has a chapter (fol. 85) on 'The libertee of straungers' in Venice, in which he says: 'Al men, specially strangers, haue so muche libertee there, that though they speake very ill by the Venetians, so they attempt nothinge in effect against theyr astate, no man shal control theim for it .... And generally of all other thynges, so thou offende no man priuately, no man shal offende the: whyche vndoubtedly *is one principall* cause, that draweth so many straungers thither.'

32. *bated*, lowered, reduced.

Scene IV.

2. *conceit*, idea, conception. See note on i. 1. 92.

6. *How true a gentleman you send relief.* 'Gentleman' is here in the dative case. We in modern English only use such a dative, i. e. without the preposition 'to,' when it comes between the verb and its accusative, as 'you send the gentleman relief.'

7. *lover.* See Coriolanus, v. 2. 14: 'Thy general is my lover.'

9. You would be prouder of the work than ordinary benevolence can constrain you to be.

10. *repent for.* Pope, intolerant of deviations from usage, read 'repent *of*.'

11. *Nor shall not.* Observe the double negative.

13. *equal.* Spelt 'egall' in the second quarto, 'egal' in the first and second folios.

21. *misery.* So the first quarto. The second and the folios have 'cruelty.'

25. *husbandry*, stewardship of the house; *οἰκονομία* in the literal sense. In Timon of Athens, ii. 2. 164, the steward says:

'If you suspect my husbandry.'

See also Hamlet, i. 3. 77:

'And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.'

Ib. manage, management, conduct. So Romeo and Juliet, iii. 1. 148:

'The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.'

The word is more commonly used in the restricted sense of horsemanship, like the French word *manège*, from which it is derived. See As You Like It, i. 1. 13: 'His horses are bred better; for besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage.'

33. *deny this imposition*, refuse the task imposed.

34. *The which.* This combination of definite article, and neuter relative pronoun, is frequent in Shakespeare and his contemporaries. See note on i. 3. 4.

35. *lays*, altered by Hanmer to 'lay.' But Shakespeare frequently uses the singular verb with a plurality of nominatives, and in this particular case the words 'and some necessity' are almost parenthetical.

49. *Padua.* The old copies read 'Mantua,' a slip of the pen on the author's or copyist's part, corrected by Theobald. That Bellario lived at Padua is clear from iv. 1. 108, and iv. 1. 118. Padua was famous throughout Europe for the learned jurists of its university.

52. *with imagined speed*, as quick as thought. See Henry V. iii. Prologue 1:

'Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies.'

53. *tranect.* So both quartos and folios. Rowe reads 'traject,' perhaps rightly. The Italian word is *tragbetto*, the French *traject;* so spelt by Cotgrave and translated by him 'a ferrie.' Coryat says: 'There are in Venice thirteen ferries or passages, which they commonly call Traghetti.' Crudities, p. 168 (ed. 1611). We find no other instance of 'tranect.'

Ib. ferry, i. e. ferry-boat.

56. *convenient*, suitable. So 'conveniently,' ii. 8. 45.

59. *Before they think of us*, before they think of our seeing them.

63. *accoutred.* So the second quarto and folios; the first quarto has 'apparreld.'

66. And speak with a shrill piping voice, such as youths have in the interval of the change from boyhood to manhood. See Cymbeline, iv. 2. 236:

'Our voices
Have got the mannish crack.'

69. *quaint*, artfully contrived, elaborate. From the French *coint*, which comes from the Latin *comptus*. See note on ii. 4. 6.

72. *I could not do withal*, I could not help it. See Gifford's notes to Ben Jonson, Silent Woman, iii. p. 470. Mr. Dyce, in his note to Webster, Northward Ho. iv. 1, quotes from Nash's Have with You to Saffron Walden (Sig. G 4, ed. 1596); 'Beare witnes, my masters, if hee dye of a surfet, I cannot doe withall, it is his own seeking, not mine.'

77. *raw*, crude, unskilful. See Richard II. ii. 3. 42:

'Being tender, raw and young.'

Ib. Jacks, a common term of contempt. See Much Ado About Nothing, i. 1. 186: 'But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack?' And in the same play, v. 1. 91:

'Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!'

79. *all my whole device.* A similar pleonasm occurs 1 Henry VI. i. 1. 126:

'All the whole army stood agazed on him.'

Scene V.

3. *I fear you*, I have not confidence in you, I fear for you. See line 27. So Measure for Measure, iii. 1. 74:

'O, I do fear thee, Claudio, and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain.'

And Richard III. i. 1. 137:

'The king is sickly, weak and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.'

4. *agitation.* He means 'cogitation.'

14. A line from the Alexandreis of Philip Gualtier, written early in the thirteenth century, became proverbial: 'Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim.'

17. There is perhaps an allusion to 1 Corinthians vii. 14: 'The unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband.'

20. *Enow* seems to be generally used of numbers, *enough* of quantity. The same distinction holds in some provincial dialects where both forms are still current.

28. *are out*, have fallen out.

39. Lancelot plays upon the two senses of the verb 'to lay covers on the table,' and 'to put the hat on the head.' See ii. 9. 44.

41. *quarrelling with occasion*, quibbling on every opportunity, taking *every opportunity* to make perverse replies.

50. *discretion*, faculty of discrimination, which Lorenzo's misapplied words shewed him to lack. See Hamlet, ii. 2. 490:

'Well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.'

53. *A many.* Still used occasionally by our poets; Tennyson for instance, in The Miller's Daughter:

'They have not shed a many tears,
Dear eyes, since first I knew them well.'

54. *garnish'd like him*, their brains furnished like his.

54, 55. *for a tricksy word Defy the matter*, for the sake of a sportive word, for the sake of playing upon a word, set the meaning at defiance. 'Tricksy' has much the same meaning as in Tempest, v. 1. 218, where Prospero greets Ariel as 'My tricksy spirit!' Elsewhere it has the signification 'trim,' 'gaily dressed.' For 'matter,' see Twelfth Night, i. 5. 227:

'My words are as full of peace as matter.'

55. *How cheer'st thou*, what cheer, what spirits are you in? The first quarto reads 'How far'st thou?'

62, 63. *And if on earth he do not mean it, then In reason* . . . The first quarto has 'meane it, then;' the second 'meane it, it.' The folio has 'meane it, it Is reason;' evidently a conjectural emendation. There is some corruption in this passage for which no satisfactory emendation has been proposed. That of Pope, 'merit it,' for 'mean it, then,' is perhaps the most plausible. 'Earn it, then,' or 'merit them,' might be suggested. But we rather require a word with the sense of 'appreciate.'

65. *lay* may either be an active verb, 'if two gods should lay;' or neuter, 'if two earthly women lay,' &c.

67. *Pawn'd*, pledged, wagered, staked.

69. *of me*, in me.

75. *I'll set you forth*, describe you fully, display you to advantage. The phrase has reference also to the setting forth, or preparing, a table for a feast.

ACT IV.

Scene I.

1. *What*, an exclamation calling attention. See lines 46, 110.

5. *Uncapable* and *incapable* were both used in Shakespeare's time. The same remark applies to many words in which modern usage allows only of one form, as 'unactive,' 'unmeasurable,' 'unperfect,' 'unconstant,' 'uncurable,' and on the other hand 'incertain,' 'indigested,' 'ingrateful,' 'infortunate.'

5, 6. *empty From.* Elsewhere Shakespeare always uses 'of,' as we do, with 'void' and 'empty.'

7. *qualify*, modify. See Hamlet, iv. 7. 114:

'Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.'

10. *envy's reach.* See iii. 2. 278.

20. *remorse*, relenting. We only use 'remorse' for repentance *after* the act, but Shakespeare uses it in a wider sense. See Macbeth, i. 5. 45:

'Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose.'

22. *where*, whereas. See Coriolanus, i. 1. 104:

'Where the other instruments
Did see and hear.'

Conversely 'whereas' is used for 'where,' and 'whenas' for 'when.'

24. *loose*, let go, release.

26. *moiety*. Used by Shakespeare, not in the strict sense of 'half,' but for 'portion.' See 1 Henry IV. iii. 1. 96, where Hotspur employs it to denote 'a third part.'

29. *Enow*. Altered by Rowe to 'enough.' See note on iii. 5. 20.

Ib. a royal merchant. See note on iii. 2. 235.

34. *gentile*, a pun on 'gentile' is doubtless here intended. See ii. 6. 51.

35. *possess'd*, informed, as in i. 3. 60.

36. *Sabbath*. So the first quarto. The second quarto has 'Sabaoth,' a mistake corrected in the folio. The same mistake occurs in Bacon's Advancement of Learning, Bk. ii. 24: 'Sacred & inspired Diuinitie, the Sabaoth and port of all men's labours and peregrinations.' Spenser also confounds the signification of the two words (Faery Queene, viii. 2):

'But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With him that is the God of Sabaoth hight.'

Dr. Johnson, in the first edition of his Dictionary, treated Sabbath and Sabaoth as identical words, and Sir Walter Scott has, Ivanhoe, ch. x., 'The gains of a week, aye the space between two Sabaoths.' But the error has been corrected in later editions.

39. *Upon your charter and your city's freedom*. Shakespeare perhaps imagined that Venice held her freedom by charter from the Emperors, which might be revoked as a punishment for any flagrant act of injustice.

43. *But, say, it is my humour*. But suppose it is my humour. Capell first inserted the commas, which are required to make the sense clear.

46. *baned*, poisoned. We still say 'rat's-bane.'

47. *a gaping pig*, a pig's head on the table. A boar's-head is still served at Christmas-time gaping, with a lemon in its mouth. So Webster's Duchess of Malfi, iii. 2: 'He could not abide to see a pig's head gaping: I thought your grace would find him a Jew.' And in Fletcher's Elder Brother, ii. 2: 'And they stand gaping like a roasted pig.' Malone quotes also Nash's Pierce Penilesse, 1592: 'Some will take on like a madman if they see a pig come to the table.' Steevens supposes 'a gaping pig' to mean 'a squealing pig,' as in Henry VIII. v. 4. 3:

'Ye rude rascals, leave your gaping.'

50, 51. *affection, Mistress of passion*. This reading was first adopted by Capell from a conjecture of Thirlby. The quartos and folios have 'affection. Masters of passion.' For the distinction between 'affection' and 'passion,' see note on iii. 1. 62.

52. *firm*, sound, substantial.

53, 54, 55. *be . . . be . . . be*, one, another, another. Compare Sonnet xxix. 5, 6:

'Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd.'

55. *a woollen bag-pipe*. This is the reading of all the quartos and earlier folios. For 'woollen' Capell conjectured 'wawling;' Steevens adopted

Hawkins' conjecture, 'swollen;' Dyce follows Collier's MS. corrector, and reads 'bollen.' 'Wawling' comes nearer to the required sense.

57. *As to offend, himself being offended.* This is the punctuation of the first quarto. The second quarto and earlier folios omit the comma, and the fourth folio puts a comma after 'himself.' Both the context and the rhythm of the verse seem to us to favour the punctuation given in the text.

58. *nor I will not.* See note on iii. 4. 11.

59. *lodged*, fixed, settled, abiding.

60. *that I follow*, why I follow.

61. *A losing suit*, a suit in which I have nothing to gain.

63. *the current*, the unimpeded course. See King John, ii. 1. 335:

'Say, shall the current of our right run on?'

64. *answers.* So the second quarto. The first has *answere*, the folios *answer.*

67. *Offence* means the resentment of the injured party as well as the injury itself, as in the phrases 'to give offence,' 'to take offence.' See 3 Henry VI. i. 3. 44:

'And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die.'

Bassanio uses the word in the former sense, Shylock's reply alludes to the latter.

69. *think you question with the Jew*, remember you are arguing with Shylock, whose cruel nature is known. The two later folios read '*a* Jew,' for '*the* Jew.' For 'question,' as a verb, see Merry Wives of Windsor, iii. 1. 78: 'Disarm them and let them question.' 'Question' occurs also as a substantive, meaning 'discussion,' 'argument.' See As You Like It, iii. 4. 39: 'I met the Duke yesterday and had much question with him.'

71. *main flood*, ocean. Called also 'the main,' 'the main of waters,' 'the flood,' 'the salt flood.' The word 'flood' is also applied to a river, when the context prevents misunderstanding, as Much Ado About Nothing, i. 1. 318:

'What need the bridge much broader than the flood?'

75. *and to make no noise*, i. e. and command them to make no noise. Shakespeare is often careless as to his grammar where it is not possible to misunderstand the meaning, especially in double negatives. See Comedy of Errors, iv. 2. 7:

'First he denied you had in him no right.'

See also line 162 of this scene.

76. *fretten.* So the quartos. The folios have 'fretted.' See 3 Henry VI. ii. 6. 35:

'As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust.'

81. *with all brief and plain conveniency*, with such brevity and directness as befits the administration of justice.

82. *Let me have judgement*, let me have sentence given against me. So 'judge' is used in the sense of 'condemn,' Luke xix. 22.

91. *parts.* The offices of life are distributed as the parts of a play. See As You Like It, ii. 7. 142:

'And one man in his time plays many parts.'

103. *Upon my power.* We still say 'on my authority.'

104. *Bellario.* Shakespeare has not made it clear whether Portia was aware that the Duke had sent for Bellario or not. See iii. 4. 50.

105. *determine*, decide. See 2 Henry VI. iv. 7. 92:

'Long sitting to determine poor men's causes.'

122. *sole . . . soul.* The folio first distinguished between these words, spelling them 'soale' and 'soule' respectively. In the quartos both are spelt 'soule.' The same play upon the words is found, Julius Cæsar, i. 1. 15. For the meaning of Gratiano's taunt, compare 2 Henry IV. iv. 5. 108:

'Thou hidest a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart.'

See also Richard III. iv. 4. 227.

124. *bangman*, used generally, for 'executioner.'

127. *inexecrable*, that cannot be execrated enough. The third folio substituted 'inexorable.'

128. Justice herself should be impeached for allowing thee to live.

130. *Pythagoras*, the philosopher of Samos, to whom was attributed the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. See Twelfth Night, iv. 2. 54:

'*Clown.* What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Malvolio. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.'

133. *who bang'd for human slaughter.* This is another instance of what is called *nominativus pendens* in Latin. See note on i. 3. 124.

134. *fleet*, flit, take flight. We have had this verb before, iii. 2. 108.

139. *offend'st*, annoyest. The word 'offend' is used to denote the infliction of physical pain in All's Well that Ends Well, v. 3. 55:

'In mine eye
The dust that did offend it.'

141. *cureless*, past restoring. So the quartos. The folios have 'endless.' Pope reads 'careless.'

158. *fill up*, fulfil. 'Up' intensifies the verb to which it is attached, like κατά in Greek. Troilus and Cressida, iii. 2. 189:

'"As true as Troilus" shall crown up the verse.'

On the other hand, in Measure for Measure, i. 2. 168, 'up' is almost redundant:

'Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up.'

159. *no impediment to let him lack*, no hindrance to his receiving. So μή is used in Greek after words signifying to 'hinder,' 'forbid,' &c., a usage which sprang originally from a confusion of thought, similar to that in iv. 1. 76: 'forbid . . . to make no noise.'

162. *whose trial.* It may be doubted whether 'whose' here is a possessive or objective pronoun, i. e. whether the antecedent be 'you' (from 'your'), or 'him.' The relative is frequently used in older authors with a laxity not admissible in modern English.

164. Enter Portia . . . laws. This stage direction was inserted by Rowe. The quartos and folios have 'Enter Portia for Balthasar.'

165. *Come.* So the quartos. Came the folios, perhaps rightly, as 'I *did*' follows.

166. *take your place*, i. e. as judge, either beside, or just below, the Duke; probably the former, since he gives her his hand, and it would be awkward to converse, as they do, in the other position.

167, 168. *the difference That holds this present question*, the dispute [between Shylock and Antonio] that is the subject of the present discussion. For 'difference,' see Richard II. i. 1. 201:

'Arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate.'

169. *throughly*. In Shakespeare's time 'through' and 'thorough,' 'throughly' and 'thoroughly,' were all in use. The one form has become obsolete in the preposition, the other in the adverb.

174. *in such rule* &c., so strictly according to form, that the law can detect no flaw in your procedure.

176. *within his danger*. To be in the danger of any one, *être en son danger*, came to signify to be subjected to any one, to be in his power, or liable to a penalty to be inflicted by him or at his suit. (Wedgwood, Dict. of English Etymology.) The word 'danger' is derived from the Low Latin *domigerium*, the power of inflicting a *damnum* or fine for trespass. The phrase occurs, with some reference to its legal usage, in Venus and Adonis, 639:

'Come not within his danger by thy will.'

Compare Matthew v. 22, where 'in danger of' is a translation of the Greek ἔνοχος. The Latin equivalent is *obnoxius*. The old proverb 'Out of debt out of danger' refers to the legal signification of the word.

180. It is worth observing how naturally this magnificent speech rises out of the ordinary level of the dialogue, and has not the least appearance of being a *purpureus pannus*. Shylock takes hold of the word 'must,' and gives it an emphasis and a meaning which it had not as used by Portia.

181. It is possible, as Douce says, that Shakespeare remembered Ecclesiasticus xxxv. 20: 'Mercy is seasonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought.'

182. *twice blest*, endowed with double blessing.

186. *shows*, is the emblem of. So in the epigram written on the Duke of Marlborough's bridge at Blenheim:

'The lofty arch his high ambition shows,
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows.'

192. *show*, appear. See Coriolanus, iii. 3. 50:

'The wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves.'

A similar sentiment is quoted by Blackeway from the petition of the Convocation to Queen Elizabeth in 1580, and Malone quotes parallel passages from Harrington's Orlando Furioso, and from the play of Edward III. It is possible that Shakespeare in writing this passage intended to compliment Elizabeth, whose rule (whatever be the judgment of recent historians) was certainly held by her subjects to be mild and merciful.

197. *Render* is used (1) in the sense of 'repay,' 'requite,' (2) as here, in the sense of 'give, pay, as in duty bound,' and (3) in the sense of 'give' merely, as in Julius Cæsar, iii. 1. 184:

'Let each man render me his bloody hand.'

Reddere in Latin has all these senses.

198. *spoke*, frequently used by Shakespeare for 'spoken,' as iii. 2. 180. So 'undertook' for 'undertaken,' ii. 4. 7.

200. *Which if thou follow*, if you insist upon strict justice.

204. *discharge the money*, discharge the money due, the debt. 'Discharge the Jew,' iii. 2. 276, is to 'pay the Jew off.'

206. *twice the sum*. This, says Ritson, should be '*thrice* the sum,' comparing lines 230, 314. But as Bassanio offers ten times the sum, Portia is authorized to offer thrice the sum in his name, as *omne majus continet in se minus*. Or Bassanio here may be supposed to offer twice the sum *in addition* to his previous tender of the sum itself; thrice the sum in all.

210. *truth*, honour, honesty. A really honest and true man could require no more than the payment of the debt due to him.

211. *once*. For once make the law yield to your authority.

213. *curb . . . of his will*. See 1 Henry IV. iii. 1. 171:

'And curbs himself even of his natural scope.'

219. *A Daniel come to judgement!* 'The Lord raised up the holy spirit of a young child, whose name was Daniel,' &c. (History of Susanna, 45 sqq.) So the Geneva and the Bishops' version, which was read in churches in Shakespeare's time. The Authorized version substituted 'young youth' for 'young child.'

244. *hath full relation*, is fully applicable. The meaning of the law clearly is, that every penalty due upon every bond should be paid; therefore it includes the present case.

247. *more elder*. For instances of this double comparative see Tempest, i. 2. 19:

'Nor that I am more better
Than Prospero:'

and Tempest, i. 2. 439: 'his more braver daughter.'

250. In i. 3. 137 Shylock stipulated for

'an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.'

We must suppose that in dictating the terms of the bond he had specified that it was to be cut off from his breast nearest his heart. The old ballad of Gernutus has:

'No, no, quoth he; no: judgement here:
For this it shall be tried,
For I will have my pound of flesh
From under his right side.'

251. *Are there balance*. See Lilly's Mydas, i. 1: 'the ballance she holdeth are not to wey the right of the cause, but the weight of the bribe.' This is the only instance where 'balance' is used as a plural by Shakespeare. We find 'ballances, or a payre of ballance: *libra*' in Baret's Alvearie (1580). Cotgrave (1611) has 'balance; a pair of balances.' It is common to find a confusion in the number of nouns ending in a sibilant. See Love's Labour 's Lost, iv. 3. 345:

'The voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.'

253. *Have* a surgeon present at your expense.

264. *it is still her use*, it is constantly her custom. For 'still' see note on i. 1. 136.

268. *such*. For 'such' it has been suggested that we should read 'sordid,' or 'so much,' or 'such-like,' or 'searching,' to mend the rhythm of the line. But 'misery' is used with the metrical accent on the second syllable in King John, iii. 4. 35:

'And buss thee as thy wife. Misery's love,
O, come to me.'

271. *speak me fair in death*, speak well of me when I am dead. Romeo and Juliet, iii. 1. 158, 'Romeo that spoke him fair,' means 'Romeo that spoke *to* him in conciliatory terms.' This is the usual meaning of the phrase.

273. *love*, like 'lover,' was used for a dear friend.

274. *Repent* but *you*. So the quartos. The folios have 'Repent *not* you,' which most editors have adopted. But surely Antonio would wish his friend to regret his loss. In both lines 'repent' is used in the sense of 'regret,' 'sorrow for,' as in Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 2. 111:

'I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.'

Cotgrave gives 'repent' as one of the translations of 'regretter.'

277. *presently*. So the first quarto. The second quarto and the folios have 'instantly.' 'Presently' however is used elsewhere in the sense of 'instantly.' See line 383 of this scene, and note on i. 1. 183.

Ib. with all my heart. A jest like this enhances the pathos. Men at the point of death have a natural tendency to beguile the misery of the time by playing upon words. Compare the death scene in King John. v. 7. So Shakespeare makes Gaunt jest on his name in Richard II. ii. 73 sqq. So also Sophocles makes Ajax 'play nicely with his name,' line 430.

279. *which*, for 'who,' as in the Lord's Prayer.

292. *Barrabas*. So spelt in Tyndale's and Coverdale's versions. In Marlowe's Jew of Malta this name is Barabas, not Barabbas:

'Tush! who amongst 'em knows not Barabas?'

(i. 1); and so elsewhere in that play.

302. *a jot of blood*. 'Jot' sounds oddly to us when applied to a liquid.

323. *a just pound*, an exact pound, like 'an equal pound,' i. 3. 137.

324 sqq. *in the substance*, in the mass, in the gross weight. Mr. Hunter, omitting the comma after 'substance,' interprets thus: 'In the amount of a twentieth, or even the fraction of a twentieth.' We retain the comma, and incline to explain 'the division of the twentieth part' as 'the twentieth part into which the scruple is divided,' viz. 'a grain.' There is a climax in Portia's threat: first, if it be lighter or heavier, i. e. according to ordinary tests; then, if it weigh less or more by a single grain; thirdly, if the scale be uneven by a single hair's breadth. The turning of the scale is estimated in the first instance by the eye. Possibly, however, it may mean that the *weight* of a hair would redress the balance.

328. *confiscate*, confiscated. We find this double form frequently in participles passive derived from Latin verbs of the first conjugation, as 'dedicate' for '*dedicated*,' '*consecrate*' for '*consecrated*.'

330. *on the bip.* See note on i. 3. 42.

348. *The party.* The word 'party' is here used in its proper and legal sense. Sometimes it is used by Shakespeare merely to signify 'person,' as in Love's Labour 's Lost, iv. 2. 138: 'The party writing.'

Ib. contrive, plot. See l. 356.

353. *predicament*, originally a term in logic, the Latin equivalent for category. Wilson, Arte of Logike, 1567, in p. 8 has a chapter, 'Of the Predicaments, called in English the most generall wordes.' The term is used 1 Henry IV. i. 3. 168:

'To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king.'

The word must have become very common, as it is put into the mouth of the nurse in Romeo and Juliet, iii. 3. 86:

'O woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!'

Many other words have been transferred from the schools to the language of common life, as 'category' itself, 'dilemma,' &c.

358. *formerly.* Warburton conjectured 'formally.' But 'formerly' was used in legal documents for 'above,' as in the following extract from Sir Robert Hitcham's Will: 'And if the said college shall wilfully refuse to perform this my will: Then, I will, that this my Devise unto them shall be void; and I do Devise the same unto Emanuel College, in Cambridge, in the same manner and form, as it is *formerly* devised unto Pembroke-Hall, and to the same Uses, Intents, Trusts, and Purposes.' (Loder, *Hist. of Framlingham*, p. 207.)

368. *Which bumbleness may drive unto a fine*, which submission on your part may induce me to commute for a fine.

370. *pardon not that*, do not remit the sentence of death. We have had 'pardon' in the same sense five lines before: 'I pardon thee thy life.'

374. *render.* See iv. 1. 197 (note).

377. *To quit the fine for one half of his goods.* Antonio assuming that the forfeiture of half Shylock's goods will be commuted to a fine, as the Duke has hinted, begs that the fine may be remitted.

379. *in use*, i. e. in trust, not on interest, as the context plainly shews. Antonio accepts one-half of Shylock's estate, not as his own, but to manage for the benefit of Lorenzo and Jessica. It is not meant that Shylock was to receive the interest from Antonio, for then (as Shylock's own property is to go to Lorenzo and Jessica at his death) the young couple would get no advantage from the arrangement. Johnson proposed to read 'upon *my* death,' supposing that Antonio was to enjoy the interest of the property entrusted to him during his life. According to our reading and interpretation no provision is made for Antonio himself, but this is in accordance with his generous character. Besides, his friend Bassanio was wealthy enough for both, and Shakespeare knew that his argosies were 'richly come to harbour suddenly' (v. 1. 263).

385. *possess'd*, i. e. possessed of. See note on ii. 6. 9. We have the preposition supplied, v. 1. 275:

'Of all he dies possess'd of.'

387. *recant*, revoke, recall. 'Recantation' is one of the words by which Cotgrave translates the French *révocation*.

395. *ten more*, to make up the twelve jurymen. Steevens quotes Ben Jonson, The Devil is an Ass: (act. v. sc. 3)

'I will leave you
To your godfathers in law. Let twelve men work.'

In the next line 'bring' is used in a double sense. The sentence of a jury brought a man to the gallows; the godfathers brought, i. e. accompanied, a convert to the font. For the second sense, see Richard II. i. 4. 2:

'How far brought you high Hereford on his way?'

398. *desire your grace of pardon*. See As You Like It, v. 4. 56, 'I desire you of the like;' and Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 1. 185, 'I shall desire you of more acquaintance.'

401. *serves you not*, is not at your disposal, at your command. So Much Ado About Nothing, iii. 2. 84: 'If your leisure served, I would speak with you.'

402. *gratify*, recompense. See Coriolanus, ii. 2. 44:

'To gratify his noble service.'

408. *cope*, requite, give an equivalent for. 'Cope' is translated 'troquer' by Cotgrave.

Ib. withal here governs the noun 'ducats.' A similar construction occurs in Measure for Measure, iv. 3. 146:

'Her cause and yours
I'll perfect him withal.'

And Love's Labour 's Lost, ii. 1. 68:

'A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.'

'Withal' is generally spelt 'withall' in the old copies, and such is its derivation. It may be compared with the French preposition now obsolete, 'atout,' meaning 'with,' 'together with.' In meaning 'withal' is generally equivalent to the simple 'with,' but always follows the case which it governs. Sometimes it includes the pronoun governed, as iii. 4. 72, 'I could not do withal.' In this and similar cases it may be regarded rather as an adverb than a preposition. The Anglo-Saxon 'mid ealle,' 'mid eallum,' is always used adverbially to emphasize the preceding substantive, which itself is governed by the preposition 'mid.' Then the preposition being omitted, the adverb came to be used with the force of a preposition. See Mätzner, Englische Grammatik, ii. 1. p. 422.

414. *more mercenary*, anxious for any more reward than the satisfaction of having done a good deed.

417. *of force*, of necessity. Cotgrave translates *nécessairement* by both these phrases. We have the former in Love's Labour 's Lost, i. 1. 148:

'We must of force dispense with this decree.'

Ib. attempt. See Measure for Measure, iv. 2. 205: 'Neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you.'

422, 423. We have inserted the stage directions, '*To Ant.*,' '*To Bass.*' It seems natural that as Antonio had been requested to 'gratify' his deliverer, *Portia should* take something from him as well as from Bassanio,

whose obligation was less; and if she had already taken Bassanio's gloves there would have been less reason for asking the ring. The emphatic 'you,' closing l. 423, seems also to bear out our interpretation.

427. *shame myself to give*, disgrace myself by giving.

440. *'scuse*, for 'excuse,' only occurs in one other passage of Shakespeare, Othello, iv. 1. 80:

'And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy.'

441. *An if.* 'And if' in the old copies. 'An' meaning 'if' is almost always spelt 'and' in the old editions of the English Bible and Bacon as well as those of Shakespeare, but modern editors of Shakespeare have adopted 'an.' It probably comes from the Anglo-Saxon *annan* 'to grant,' as *gif*, i. e. 'if,' from *gifan*. 'An if' is a pleonasm like 'or ere.' For 'an' alone see ii. 4. 10: 'An it shall please you.' Doubtless 'and' is used with this meaning in the rustic proverb:

'If 'ifs' and 'ands' were pots and pans,
There would be no work for tinkers.'

443. *hold out enemy.* Monck Mason proposed to read 'hold out enmity,' but the phrase is analogous to the following in Much Ado About Nothing, i. 1. 91: 'I will hold friends with you, lady.'

447. *'gainst.* So the quartos. The folio substituted 'against,' probably because the pronunciation of 'commandment' as a quadrisyllable was growing obsolete at the time when it was published (1623).

Ib. commandment. Spelt in the old copies 'commandement,' and pronounced as a quadrisyllable. The second quarto writes 'commaundement.' So the word must be pronounced in 1 Henry VI. i. 3. 20:

'From him I have express commandement.'

It is thus spelt in the folio. In 2 Henry VI. i. 3. 145 (according to the quarto, the earliest text) the word is pronounced as a trisyllable:

'I 'ld set my ten commandments in your face.'

So Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 93:

'And posts like the commandment of a king.

So also Winter's Tale, ii. 2. 8:

'To the contrary I have express commandment.'

In King John, i. 1. 20, we have the word 'controlement' first as a trisyllable, then a quadrisyllable, in the same line:

'Controlement for controlement: so answer France.'

Scene II.

6. *advice*, consideration, deliberation. See note on 'advised,' i. 1. 142.

11. Great dramatic skill is shewn in this contrivance for bringing Gratiano and Nerissa together.

15. *old swearing.* 'Old' is a common intensive epithet. See Much Ado About Nothing, v. 2. 98: 'Yonder 's old coil at home;' and Merry Wives of Windsor, i. 4. 5: 'Here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the *king's English*.'

ACT V.

Scene I.

1. *The moon shines bright.* This calm and quiet scene, with its moonlight and music and lovers' talk, is a charming contrast to the crowd and pomp and high-wrought, almost tragic, interest of the former Act.

4. *Troilus*, a son of Priam. The story of Troilus and Cressida was probably already familiar to an English audience through a play on the subject, which Shakespeare afterwards took for the groundwork of his drama. Guido da Colonna, about 1260, worked up the old Latin tales, professedly translations of Dares Phrygius and Dictys Cretensis, but really late forgeries, into his romance called Historia de Bello Trojano, which became immensely popular, and was the basis of Chaucer's poem Troilus and Cresseide, from which, as Steevens has remarked, Shakespeare borrowed this allusion:

'Upon the wallis fast eke would he walke.' (Bk. v. 666.)

Ib. Troyan. 'Troyan' or 'Troian' in the old copies; modern editors write 'Trojan.'

7. *Thisbe.* The story of Pyramus and Thisbe is told in Ovid's Metamorphoses, iv. 55–166. Shakespeare may have read either the original or Golding's translation, first published 1564. In 'the dew' is perhaps a reference to l. 82:

'Solque pruinosas radiis siccaverat herbas.'

'The lion's shadow ere himself' is a refinement on

'Quam procul ad lunae radios . . . . vidit' (l. 99).

As Mr. Hunter says, Shakespeare's immediate authority was Chaucer, in whose Legend of Good Women (which in the folio edition comes immediately after Troilus and Cressida) Thisbe, Dido, and Medea are introduced one after another. But Shakespeare evidently blends his recollections of Chaucer and of Ovid.

10. The willow, as a symbol of forsaken love, is not classical. It occurs in Spenser's Faery Queene, i. 1. 9:

'The willow, worne of forlorne paramours.'

And in Shakespeare, 3 Henry VI. iii. 3. 228:

'I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.'

So also Desdemona, when she has lost her husband's love, is reminded of the 'song of willow.' (Othello, iv. 3. 28.)

11. *waft.* This is the spelling of the old copies. Theobald altered it to *wav'd.* Probably it is the preterite of the verb 'to waft.' We have the present tense, Comedy of Errors, ii. 2. 111, 'Who wafts us yonder?' and the past participle, King John, ii. 1. 73:

'A braver choice of dauntless spirits
'Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er.'

13. *Medea.* This is from Ovid's Metamorphoses, bk. vii. In Gower's Confessio Amantis there is a description of Medea gathering herbs by starlight (Book v. vol. ii. p. 259, ed. Pauli).

15. The story of Medea, who carried off her father's treasure and ran away with her lover, is not inaptly paralleled by that of Jessica.

16. *unthrift.* Here an adjective. It is a substantive in Richard II. ii. 3. 122:

'Given away
To upstart unthrifts.'

17–20. The second folio reads, '*And* in such a night,' for the sake of the metre, doubtless. But when a line is divided between two speakers, the metre is frequently faulty either by defect or excess. For the latter, see ll. 12, 14.

28. Both here and in l. 51 the accent is on the second syllable of Stephano. Shakespeare had learnt the true pronunciation when he wrote the Tempest, v. 1. 277:

'Is not this Stéphano, my drunken butler?'

35. *nor we have not.* See iii. 4. 11.

41. *Master Lorenzo? Master Lorenzo.* The first quarto has 'M. Lorenzo, M. Lorenzo,' the second quarto and first folio 'M. Lorenzo, & M. Lorenzo,' whence the later folios made 'M. Lorenzo, and Mrs. Lorenza.' In l. 46, Launcelot says 'Tell *him*,' not 'Tell *them*.'

46. *a post.* See note on ii. 9. 100.

59. *patines.* The first quarto has 'pattents,' the second quarto and first folio 'pattens,' the second folio 'patterns,' which most editors have adopted. The 'patine' is a plate used in the Eucharist, and the image is thus much finer and more suitable to 'the floor of heaven' than the commonplace 'patterns.'

60. Shakespeare refers elsewhere to the 'music of the spheres,' Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 84:

'His voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres.'

Pericles, v. 1. 231:

'The music of the spheres!'

So Twelfth Night, iii. 1. 121. The Platonic doctrine is here blended with reminiscences of Job xxxviii. 7: 'The morning stars sang together.'

62. *cherubins.* So the quartos and first two folios. The third folio altered it to 'cherubims.' Shakespeare uses 'cherubin' in the singular, Othello, iv. 2. 63:

'Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin!'

The French form was *chérubin*, and the Italian *cherubino*. In the 'Te Deum' it is used in the plural:

'To thee cherubin and seraphin continually do cry.'

66. *wake Diana.* Diana is here used as identical with the goddess of the moon. Compare l. 109.

72. Compare Tempest, iv. 1. 176:

'Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music.'

77. *mutual*, common. This word is applied to signify what is common to more than two in Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 348:

'And choice, being mutual act of all our souls.'

So also Midsummer Night's Dream, iv. 1. 122:

'Every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry.'

80. *Orpheus.* Compare the song in Henry VIII. iii. 1. 3:

'Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing.'

The story of Orpheus is told in Ovid's Metamorphoses, books x and xi.

84. *Nor is not moved.* iii. 4. 11.

85. *spoils*, acts of rapine. So Henry V. iii. 3. 32:

'Heady murder, spoil and villany.'

7. *Erebus.* So Julius Caesar, ii. 1. 84:

'Not Erebus himself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.'

88. Portia and Nerissa enter at the opposite side of the stage to that at which Lorenzo and Jessica are seated, and are not overheard till Portia raises her voice, 'Peace, ho!' line 109. All the while the music is playing softly.

99. *without respect*, absolutely, without relation to the circumstances.

103. *attended*, attended to, marked. The difference is in the hearer's mind, not in the songs themselves, and the nightingale is reputed the first of songsters because she sings at the time when she can best be heard, when the hearer's attention is not distracted. Compare Sonnet cii. 7–12:

'As Philomel in summer's front doth sing
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.'

106. *the wren.* See Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 1. 131:

'The wren with little quill.'

And 2 Henry VI. iii. 2. 42:

'The chirping of a wren.'

108. *To their right praise.* So as to obtain the honour they deserve.

109. *Endymion*, the shepherd of Mount Latmos, beloved by Selene. Diana, huntress by day and Moon by night, does not desire to be waked till dawn. See the interpretation of this legend in Max Müller's Essay on Comparative Mythology (Chips from a German Workshop, vol. ii. pp. 78-84).

112. This must refer to a proverb importing that there are cases in which a blind man is at no disadvantage as compared with any other man.

114. *husbands' healths.* So Pope. The first quarto reads *husband health*, which was altered, apparently by conjecture, in the second to *husbands welfare*. The folio, as usual, follows the second quarto.

115. *Which.* The antecedent is 'husbands,' 'Who, we hope, speed the better for our prayers.' For 'which' see iv. 1. 279.

121. A tucket sounds. This stage direction was inserted in the first folio. 'Tucket' means a particular set of notes played on a trumpet, from the Italian *toccata*, which, however, is not specially limited to a trumpet. Compare Henry V. iv. 2. 35:

'Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket sonance and the note to mount.'

127. *bold day.* We should have daylight when the Antipodes have it, if you, Portia, who are our sun, would walk abroad at night.

129. We have had this play upon the two meanings of 'light' twice before, ii. 6. 42 and iii. 2. 91.

132. *God sort all!* God dispose all! See 2 Henry VI. ii. 4. 68:

'Sort thy heart to patience.'

And Richard III. ii. 3. 36:

'If God sort it so.'

136. *in all sense,* in all reason. Compare, for this meaning of the word, Measure for Measure, v. 1. 47:

'Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.'

141. *this breathing courtesy,* this courtesy which consists merely in breath, i. e. in words. See Macbeth, v. 3. 27:

'Mouth-honour, breath.'

142. Gratiano and Nerissa have been conversing apart in dumb show.

148. *give me.* Stevens proposes 'give to me,' to supply the defect in the metre.

Ib. posy. Spelt *poesie* in the first quarto and folios. They are the same words. See Hamlet, iii. 2. 162, where in reply to three doggrel rhymes spoken by the Player, Hamlet says, 'Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?'

149. Knives, as well as swords, had sometimes moral sentences, generally rhyming couplets, inscribed upon them. So Ford's Witch of Edmonton, iv. 2: 'Some knives have foolish posies upon them, but thine has a villanous one.' Specimens of these are given by Mr. Halliwell.

150. *leave me not,* do not part with me. So in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 4. 79:

'It seems you loved not her, to leave her token.'

See also l. 172 of the present scene, and Albumazar, iii. 1:

''T has been an heirloom to our house four hundred years;
And, should I leave it now, I fear good fortune
Would fly from us, and follow it.'

151. *What talk you.* The same word 'what' is used indicating impatience in Coriolanus, iii. 3. 83:

'What do you prate of service?'

156. *You should have been respective,* you should have been regardful, if not of me, yet of your oaths. See Romeo and Juliet, iii. 1. 128:

'Away to heaven, respective lenity!'

For 'respect' see note on i. 1. 74.

159. *an if.* See note on iv. 1. 441.

162. *scrubbed,* stunted in growth, like 'scrub' or brushwood. Warton proposed 'stubbed,' i. e. stumpy.

169. *so riveted.* For the metre's sake Pope omitted 'so,' and Capell read 'riveted so.'

175. Sidney Walker would read 'too unkind cause.'

177. *I were best to cut.* See note on ii. 8. 33.

199. the virtue of the ring, the power of the ring. Its possessor was to be master of Portia and all that she had. See iii. 2. 172.

201. *bonour to contain*, your honour involved in the safe keeping, holding fast, of the ring. Pope altered the word to 'retain.' This is a rare sense of the verb 'contain.' It is more common in the sense of 'restrain,' 'keep in order,' and hence perhaps comes its use in the present case, 'to keep the ring in its place.'

204. *bad pleased to have defended.* Observe the double perfect for 'had pleased to defend.'

205. *wanted*, as to have wanted. This lax construction is due to the intervening parenthesis. The following words are grammatically faulty, though the general sense is clear. What man would have been so unreasonably wanting in modesty as to urge you to give up the thing you held as a sacred emblem?

206. *a ceremony.* This word is used not only for 'rite,' but also for 'a thing consecrated,' as Julius Caesar, i. 1. 70:

'Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.'

In Hakluyt's Voyages, quoted by Richardson, a crucifix is called a ceremony. The word is also used for 'omens,' Julius Caesar, ii. 1. 197:

'Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies.'

210. *civil doctor*, doctor of civil law.

214. *Even be.* 'He' is used, not 'him,' as if the words 'the which . . . away' were merely parenthetical.

Ib. did uphold. So the first quarto. The second quarto and folios read 'had held up.'

217. *shame and courtesy*, shame at being thought ungrateful, and a sense of what courtesy required.

220. *candles of the night.* So Romeo and Juliet, iii, 5. 9:

'Night's candles are burnt out.'

228. *advised.* See note on i. 1. 142.

243. *wealth*, well-being, prosperity. So it is used in the Litany, 'In all time of our wealth.'

244. *which*, i.e. the loan of my body.

245. *miscarried.* Antonio uses this word metaphorically. It is especially applied to shipwreck. See iii. 2. 318:

'My ships have all miscarried.'

247. *advisedly*, deliberately.

263. *richly*, with rich lading.

Ib. suddenly, unexpectedly, without warning, as in ii. 8. 34.

268. *living.* See note on iii. 2. 158.

270. *road.* See note on i. 1. 19.

278. You are not fully satisfied with the narrative you have heard of these events.

280, 281. 'In the Court of Queen's Bench, when a complaint is made against a person for a "contempt," the practice is that before sentence is finally pronounced he is sent into the Crown Office, and being there "charged upon interrogatories" he is made to swear that he will "answer all things faithfully."' (Lord Campbell's Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements.)

280. *inter'gatories*. The word was generally pronounced in the elided form, as it is printed in the three first folios, even in a prose passage, All's Well that Ends Well, iv. 3. 207. We find, however, the full form in King John, iii. 1. 147:

'What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?'

282, *fear*, be anxious about. See note on iii. 5. 3.

283. *So sore*, so sorely, grievously. The word is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *sár*, connected with the German *schwer*. It frequently occurs in the Bible, as e. g. Genesis xx. 8: 'The men were sore afraid.'

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